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"PETER'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK."*

Extracted from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 1819.

THE great object of the work before us seems to be to give a philosophical estimate of the legal and mercantile character of Scotland; and this our author tries to accomplish, by delineating the society of Edinburgh and of Glasgow.—

Dr. MORRIS (for he is the author) has adopted a somewhat ambitious title to his letters—yet we must not rob Peter to pay Paul—and confess honestly, that the Doctor has given to the world two very amusing volumes. He performed his journey from Aberystwith, where, we understand, he is in very extensive practice as a medical man, in a shandry-dan of his own invention.— He arrived in Edinburgh about the middle of last winter—and past a month there—regularly attending the parliament house, the theatre, routes, balls, churches, and all other places of public amusement—so that nothing seems to have escaped him.— — —

We shall enable our readers to judge, from pretty copious extracts, how far Dr. Morris has succeeded in his attempt. He speaks thus cavalierly of the whigs of Edinburgh :—

* Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk ; being the Substance of some familiar Communications concerning the present State of Scotland, written during a late Visit in that Country.

"The Whigs are still lords of public opinion in Edinburgh to an extent of which, before visiting Scotland, I could scarcely have formed any adequate notion. The Tories have all the political power, and have long had it, but from whatever cause (and I profess myself incapable of assigning any rational one,) their power does not appear to have given them command of much sway over the general opinions, even of those that think with them regarding political matters. I confess that I, born and bred a good Tory, and accustomed, in my part of the country, to see the principles I reverence supported by at least an equal share of talent, was not a little mortified by certain indications of faint-heartedness and absurd diffidence of themselves among the Scottish Tories, which met my eye ere I had been long in Edinburgh.

"I am inclined, upon the whole, to attribute a good deal of this to the influence of the Edinburgh Review. That work was set on foot and conducted for some years with an astonishing degree of spirit ; and altho' it never did any thing to entitle it to much respect either from English scholars, or English patriots, or English Christians, I can easily see how much such a work written by Scotchmen, and filled with all the national prejudices of Scotchmen, should have exerted a wonderful authority over the intellect of the city in which it was published. Very many of its faults (I mean these of the less serious kind—such as its faults in regard to literature and taste), were all adapted for the meridian of Scotland ; and for a time certainly the whole country was inclined to take a pride in its success. The *Prestige* of the Edinburgh Review has now most undoubtedly vanished even there ; but there still remains a shadow of it sufficient to invest its old conductors with a kind of authority over the minds of those who were once disposed to consider them as infallible judges, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* ; And then the high eminence

of some of these gentlemen in their profession of the law, gives them another kind of hold upon the great body of persons following that profession---which is every thing in Edinburgh, because the influence of those who follow it is not neutralized to any considerable extent by the presence of any great aristocracy, or of any great intellectual cultivation out of themselves. The Scotch are a people of talkers; and among such a people it is wonderful how far the influence of any one person may be carried around and below him, by mere second---third---and fourth hand babbling, all derived from one trivial source. I am not, however, of opinion that this kind of work will go on much longer. Jeffrey has evidently got sick of the Review---or rather, he has evidently written himself out (and indeed my only wonder is, that a person of such limited acquirements as his should not have written himself out much sooner in such a department);---Brougham has enough to do in Parliament---that is to say, he gives himself enough to do; and even there you well know what a Charlatan kind of reputation he has. Horner is dead. Walter Scott has long since left them.---The Review is now a very sensible, plain sort of book---in its best parts, certainly not rising above the British Review---and in its inferior parts there is often a display of calm drivelling, much beyond what the British Review itself would admit. And then there is no point---no wit---no joke---no spirit, nothing of the glee of young existence about it. It is a very dull book, more proper to be read between sleeping and waking, among old, sober, cautious tradesmen, than to give any spring to the fancy or reason of the young, the active, and the intelligent. The secret will out ere long---viz. that the Edinburgh Reviewers have not been able to get any effectual recruits among the young people about them. There is no infusion of fresh blood into the veins of the Review. When one visits Edinburgh, where one cannot stir a step without stumbling over troops of confident, comfortable, glib, smart young Whigs, one is at a loss to understand the meaning of this dearth. One would suppose that every ball-room and tavern overflowed with gay Edinburgh reviewers. One hears a perpetual buzz about Jeffrey, Brougham, the Review, &c. &c. and would never doubt that prime articles were undergoing the process of concoction in every corner. But, alas! the fact is, that the young Edinburgh Whigs are a set of very stupid fellows, and the Review must wait long enough if it is never to be resuscitated but by them.

"They are really a very disagreeable set of pretenders---I mean those of them that do make any pretensions at all to literary character. They are very ill educated in general; they have no classical learning; few of them can construe two lines of any Latin poet; and as for Greek, they scarcely know which end of the book should be held to their noses. They have never studied any philosophy of any kind---unless attending a course of lectures on metaphysics, delivered by a man far too ingenious to be comprehended for above five sentences at a time, by persons of their acquirements and capacity---can be called studying philosophy. They know sometimes a little about chemistry and geology

to be sure, but these are studies in which the proficiency of mere amateurs can never be of any great matter. They know a very little of English history and politics---enough to enable them to spin out a few half-hours of *blarney* in their debating societies. But, upon the whole, it may safely be asserted, that all they know worthy of being known upon any subjects of general literature, politics, or philosophy, is derived from the Edinburgh Review itself; and as they cannot do the Review any great service by giving it back its own materials, I conceive that this work is just in the act of falling a sacrifice to habits of superficial acquirement, and contented ignorance, which it was short-sighted enough to encourage, if not to create, in order to serve its own temporary purposes among the rising generation in Scotland.

"One would imagine, however, that these young whigs might have begun, long ere this time, to suspect somewhat of their own situation. They must be quite aware, that they have never written a single page in the Edinburgh Review, or that, if they have done so, their pages were universally looked upon as the mere lumber of the book: contrasting, too their own unproductive petulance with the laborious and fruitful early years of those whom they worship, and in whose walk they would fain be supposed to be following---it is difficult to understand how they happen to keep themselves so free from the qualms of conscious imbecility. Perhaps, after all, they are *au fond* less conceited than they appear to be; but certainly to judge from externals, there never was a more self-satisfied crew of young ignoramuses. After being let a little into their real character and attainments, I cannot say but that I derived a considerable degree of amusement from the contemplation of their manners. As for their talk, it is such utter drivelling, the moment they leave their text-books, (the moment they give over quoting,) that I must own I found no great entertainment in it. It is a pity to see a fine country like Scotland, a country so rich in recollections of glorious antiquity, so rich in the monuments of genius, at this moment adorned with not a few full-grown living trees of immortal fruit---it is a pity to see such a country so devoid of promise for her future harvests. It is a pity to see her soil wasting on the nurture of this unproductive pestilential underwood, juices which, under better direction, might give breadth to the oak, and elevation to the pine," &c.

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"The respectable elder whigs must of a surety, feel very sore upon all this; for it is not to be supposed, that they can be quite so easily satisfied with these young *gregarii*, as the young *gregarii* are with themselves. I understand, accordingly, that nothing gives them so much visible delight as the appearance of any thing like a revival of talent among their troops. When a young whig makes a tolerable speech at the bar, or writes a tolerable law-paper, or adventures to confess himself author of a tolerable paragraph in a party print---in short, when he manifests any symptom of possessing better parts than the confessedly dull fellows around him, there is much rejoicing in the high places, a most remarkable crowing and clapping of wings

in honour of the rising luminary. The young genius is fed and fattened for a season with puffs and praises; and, in consequence of that kind of dominion or *prestige* to which I have already alluded, the very Tories begin to contemplate him with a little awe and reverence, as a future formidable antagonist, with whom it may be as well to be upon some tolerable terms in private. Well---a year or two goes over his head, and the genius has not visibly improved in any thing except conceit. He is now an established young whig genius. If any situation becomes empty, which it would be convenient for him to fill, and if, notwithstanding of this, he is not promoted to it by those, whom, on every occasion, he makes the objects of his ignorant abuse---this neglect of him is talked of by himself and his friends, as if it were virtually a neglect of *genius* in the abstract;---with so much readiness do these good people enter into the spirit of a personification. A Dutch painter could not typify ideal beauty under a more clumsy and heavy shape, than they sometimes do genius; nor are the languishing, coy, and conscious airs of some Venus over a *lust-house* at Schedam, a whit more exquisite in their way, than the fat indignant fatuity of some of these neglected geniuses of Scotland.

"So many of these geniuses, however, have now been puffed up and pushed up to a little temporary reputation, and then sunk under their own weight into their own mud, that one should suppose the elevators must now be a little weary of exerting their mechanical powers in that way. Their situation is, indeed, almost as discouraging as that of Sisyphus, doomed for ever to struggle in vain against the obstinate, or as Homer calls it, the "*impudent*" stone's *alacrity in sinking*."

At Glasgow, the Doctor had his eyes about him quite as much as at Edinburgh; but although we well know there is nothing which could be more agreeable to our good friends of that city, than to hear at full length his opinion of them and all their out-goings and in-comings, the comparative small importance of these topics in the eyes of the rest of the world induces us to extract a very few passages, and these perhaps not the most intensely characteristic or amusing. The following sketch, however, will be allowed, by all who have ever gone the western circuit, or had occasion in any other way to visit the capital of St. Mungo, to be a picture from the life, and to the life.

"Mr. ----- asked me to dine with him next day, and appointed me to meet him at the coffee-room or exchange, exactly at a quarter before 5 o'clock, from which place he said he would himself conduct me to his residence. My rendezvous is a very large, ill-shaped, low-roofed room, surrounded on all sides with green cane chairs, small tables,

and newspapers, and opening by glass folding-doors, upon a paved piazza of some extent. This piazza is in fact the Exchange, but the business is done in the adjoining room, where all the merchants are to be seen at certain hours of the day, pacing up and down with more or less importance in their strut, according to the situation of their affairs, or the nature of the bargains of the day. I have seldom seen a more amusing medley. Altho' I had travelled only forty miles from Edinburgh, I could with difficulty persuade myself that I was still in the same kingdom. Such roaring! such cursing! such peals of discord! such laughter! such grotesque attitudes! such arrogance! such vulgar disregard of all courtesy to a stranger! Here was to be seen the counting-house *blood*, dressed in box-coat, belcher handkerchief, and top boots, or leather gaiters---discoursing (*Edopol!*) about brown sugar and ginseng! Here was to be seen the counting-house *dandy*, with whalebone stays, stiff neckcloth, Surtout, Cossacks, a spur on his heel, a gold-headed cane on his wrist, and a Kent on his head---mincing primly to his brother dandy some question about Pullicat Handkerchiefs. Here was to be seen the counting-house *bear*, with a grin, and a voice like a glass-blower. Here, above all, was to be seen the Glasgow *literateur*, striding in his corner, with a pale face and an air of exquisite abstraction, meditating, no doubt, some high paragraph for the chronicle, or perchance, some pamphlet against Dr. Chalmers. Here, in a word, were to be seen abundant varieties of folly and presumption---abundant airs of plebeianism---I was now in the coffee-room of Glasgow.

"My friend soon joined me, and observing, from the appearance of my countenance, that I was contemplating the scene with some disgust, 'My good fellow,' said he, 'you are just like every other well-educated stranger that comes into this town, you cannot endure the first sight of us mercantile whelps. Do not, however, be alarmed, I will not introduce you to any of these cattle at dinner. No, sir, you must know that there are a few men of refinement and polite information in this city. I have warned two or three of these *rara aves*, and, depend upon it, you shall have a very snug day's work. So saying, he took my arm, and observing that five was just on the *chap*, hurried me through several streets and lanes till we arrived in the ----- where his house is situated. His wife was, I perceived, quite the fine lady, and withal, a little of the blue stocking."

"The dinner was excellent, altho' calculated apparently for forty people rather than for sixteen, which last number sat down. Capital salmon, and trout almost as rich as salmon from one of the lochs---prime mutton from Argyleshire, very small and sweet, and indeed ten times better than half the venison we see in London---veal not superior---beef of the very first order---some excellent fowls in curry---every thing washed down by delicious old West India Madeira, which went like elixir vitae into the recesses of my stomach, somewhat ruffled in consequence of my riotous living at Edinburgh. A single bottle of hock and another of white hermitage went round, but I saw plainly that the greater part of the company took them for perry or ci-

der. After dinner, we had two or three bottles of port, which the landlord recommended as being *real stuff*. Abundance of the same Madeira, but, to my sorrow, no claret—the only wine I ever care for more than half-a-dozen glasses of. While the ladies remained in the room there was such a noise and racket of coarse mirth, ill restrained by a few airs of sickly sentiment on the part of the hostess, that I really could neither attend to the wine or the dessert; but after a little time, a very broad hint from a fat Falstaff, near the foot of the table, apparently quite a privileged character, thank Heaven! set the ladies out of the room. The moment after which blessed consummation, the butler and footman entered as if by instinct, the one with a huge punch bowl, and the other with,” &c.

“A considerable altercation occurred on the entrance of the bowl, the various members of the company civilly entreating each other to officiate, exactly like the “Elders” in Burns’s poem of the *Holy Fair*—“bothering from side to side” about the saying of grace. A middle aged gentleman was at length prevailed upon to draw “the china” before him, and the knowing manner in which he forthwith began to arrange all his materials impressed me at once with the idea that he was completely master of the noble science of making a bowl. The bowl itself was really a beautiful old piece of Porcelain. It was what is called a *double bowl*, that is, the coloured surface was cased in another of pure white net-work, through which the red and blue flowers and trees shone out most beautifully. The sugar being melted with a little cold water, the artist squeezed about a dozen lemons through a wooden strainer, and then poured in water enough almost to fill the bowl. In this state the liquor goes by the name of Sherbet, and a few of the connoisseurs in his immediate neighbourhood were requested to give their opinion of it—for in the mixing of the Sherbet lies, according to the Glasgow creed, at least one half of the whole battle. This being approved by an audible smack from the lips of the umpires, the rum was added to the beverage, I suppose, in something about the proportion of one to seven. Last of all, the maker cut a few limes, and running each section rapidly round the rim of his bowl, squeezed in enough of this more delicate acid to flavour the whole composition. In this consists the true *tour-de-maitre* of the punch-maker. Upon tasting it, I could not refuse the tribute of my warmest admiration to our accomplished artist—so cool, so balmy, so refreshing a compound of sweets and sours never before descended into my stomach. Had Mahomet,” &c.

“The punch being fairly made, the real business of the evening commenced, and, giving its due weight to the balsamic influence of the fluid, I must say the behaviour of the company was such as to remove almost entirely the prejudices I had conceived in consequence of their first appearance and external manners. In the course of talk, I found that the coarseness which had most offended me was nothing but a kind of waggish disguise, assumed as the covering of minds keenly alive to the ridiculous, and therefore studious to avoid all appearance of finery—an article which they are aware always seems absurd when exhibited by persons of their

profession. In short, I was among a set of genuinely shrewd, clever, sarcastic fellows, all of them completely *up to trap*—all of them good natured and friendly in their dispositions, and all of them inclined to take their full share in the laugh against their own peculiarities. Some subjects, besides, of political intent, were introduced and discussed in a tone of great good sense and moderation. As for wit, I must say there was no want of it, in particular from the ‘privileged character’ I have already noticed. There was a *breadth* and *quaintness* of humour about this gentleman which gave me infinite delight; and, on the whole, I was really much disposed, at the end of the evening (for we never looked near the drawing-room) to congratulate myself as having made a good exchange for the self-sufficient young Whig coxcombs of Edinburgh. The Glasgow people would, in general, do well to assume as their motto, ‘*Fronti nulli fides*’; and yet there are not a few of them whose faces I should be very sorry to see any thing different from what they are.” &c.

“The university of Glasgow consists, like that of Edinburgh, of one college, and contains, I am informed, almost as many students; but, in regard to the higher branches of education, it certainly bears, and deserves to bear, an inferior character. This is singular, and must not be allowed to pass without remark. The college of Glasgow is a far older, more venerable, and infinitely richer institution than that of Edinburgh; it is situated in a rich town, and a most populous part of the country. It would, at first sight, seem to possess every advantage, but on inquiry I found that it makes very little use of those it does possess. I was much pleased with the first appearance of the college. It is a plain but respectable old building, not unlike some of our third rates at Cambridge and Oxford. The students are, in general, a miserable looking set of creatures, rough, ill-clad lads, with tattered red cloaks (like those of the *Dames des Halles*), having, in short, any air rather than that of studious ease and elegance. There are many clever fellows among them however, and indeed, during the first years of their attendance, I am informed they enjoy the best opportunities of cultivating their faculties—particularly under Professor John Young, who was an intimate friend of Porson and Burney, and probably would rank high, even among the scholars of England, were he removed thither,—also Dr. Jardine, the professor of logic, who possesses, as I am told, a *tact* in directing the energies of young minds entirely peculiar to himself. I have heard some other individual names among these professors mentioned with respect, but, as a body, I must say they were universally talked of, in my hearing, in terms of very little worship. Whether it be the air of the place, or the influence of example, this corporation has assumed, in all its ideas and conduct, the appearance of a petty mercantile house. The interests of science are very far, according to the report I heard, from being alone, or even uppermost, in the minds of *Taylor and Co.* (for so the Glasgow wags have christened the principal and professors). For example, the ground bequeathed as a garden to the university, has been lately appropriated to the personal use of the profes-

sors, where, instead of young men and boys enjoying innocent recreation or healthful exercise, no inhabitants are now to be seen, but ewes and wethers fattening for the tables of these epicurean philosophers. Nay, such is the spirit of encroachment that they have actually sold a considerable part of the soil, so

that all around what used to be a kind of intellectual *insula* in the midst of this mercantile city, there are now springing up huge cotton-mills, soap-works, singeing-houses, &c.—so much for *auri sacra fames*!—I mention these things as I heard them.”

CONFESSION OF A CONDEMNED MALEFACTOR.

From the New Monthly Magazine, 1819.

REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF A CONDEMNED MALEFACTOR, AS DETAILED IN A LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN IN ***** TO HIS FRIEND AT *****.

(From the German.)

YOU are indeed right, my dearest friend, in your assertion, that the most pleasing, yet, alas! too often, the most afflicting duties of a christian minister, are those of preparing the unhappy wretch, whom the avenging arm of justice has doomed to expiate his crimes by death, for his passage into another world. Should all our exertions prove fruitless—should the malefactor turn a deaf ear to our urgent remonstrances, and rush upon his fate with cold and hardened insensibility, what shuddering sensations of horror does the scene awaken in our bosoms. Even when he listens to our exhortations with penitent grief, and appears to feel contrite devotion, what anxious compassion—yet what tormenting uncertainty must we feel, whether these emotions are caused by sincere conviction of his guilt, and repentance for his crimes, or by the dread of death alone. But, on the other hand, how sweet is that delightful consciousness of having been the means of saving a fellow creature from everlasting perdition—what a divine foretaste do we then enjoy of that moment, when, at our own anxious entrance trembling into eternity, the now blessed soul, springing to our embrace, shall conduct us to the throne of HIM who is and was and is to be.

You will perhaps, ask, for what reason I now enforce these reflections? Oh! my best friend, never before did they present themselves in such gloomy colours to my imagination as at this moment—at this awful moment—when I have but just

quitted the scaffold, sprinkled with the blood of a youth, whose unhappy fate has awakened my tenderest and most heartfelt sympathy:—one, who deserved to have lived among the number of those few, yet noble souls, whose virtues, though unknown to the world, elevate them beyond its feelings and passions; with whose singular destiny I am acquainted, even to his most secret faults, and whom I have seen submit to his doom with a heroism which deprived me of all the firmness I had, with so much difficulty, summoned for his support, should he have failed in that terrible hour.

Yes, my friend, even that unfortunate being whom you will find described in the public prints as a monster of trebled iniquity; as one guilty of incest, an incendiary, and a murderer—who had actually committed these three horrible crimes, for either of which justice had consigned him to a merited death, before he reached his 23d year; even he whom the many openly abhorred—whom perhaps some, though but few, more humane and enlightened minds may have secretly pitied; even he possessed a noble heart, tender feelings, and sentiments of which you or I might boast—An assertion this, which may offend you, but which my melancholy relation will fully justify.

About eight days have now elapsed, since I received from the magistrates of the neighbouring town, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the clergyman there, the commission to prepare for death a condemned malefactor, whose crimes I knew by report, and which had been represented as of the most heinous character. I will not deny that I entered upon this duty most unwillingly.

—"Only two-and-twenty years of age, and already such a hardened threefold sinner! What contrition can be hoped for from a mind so early, yet so deeply sunk in vice—how depraved must his soul have been from childhood—and what true repentance can be wrought in such a man within the short space of eight days?" Such were my thoughts as I entered the prison.

But his first appearance softened my sterner mood, and inclined my heart in his favour. Through the disguise of neglected, black and matted locks—through a complexion rendered sallow by grief and confinement—through dirt and squalid wretchedness, I could discern the lineaments of a mild, yet manly countenance. Resignation and sorrow spoke from his tearful eyes, and the expression of his look was open, confiding, and friendly. With one glance my previous aversion was vanquished, and my address was more earnest than usual, even on such occasions.

"I doubt not, (said I) but that you guess the purport of my visit, and as confidently do I trust that it will not be unpleasing, after so tedious a confinement, and so long an association with jailors and their prisoners, once more to feel yourself in the presence of one, whose heart compassionates and feels for you, and whose only wish it is to be the humble instrument of sweetening to you the last dregs of life, and softening the terrors of approaching death; and to whom in confidence you may unreservedly relieve yourself of the weight of guilt that must weigh heavy on your conscience."

"I would pledge you my right hand, as a sign of my grateful welcome, (answered he) were I not prevented by these chains. The society of my persecutors and of my jailors has, indeed, too long been endured by me. Willingly do I leave a world in which I never more can experience happiness, and to which I owe that debt of life, I am now about to offer, as the just punishment of my misdeeds, and to serve as a warning to others. You think me, no doubt, (added he, with a mournful smile, which pierced my very heart, as it waned

beneath the overmastering expression of mental agony,) you think me, worthy Sir, no doubt, one of the vilest of criminals?"

I shrugged up my shoulders. "I would fain think otherwise of you; but can I?"

"No, no, I confess it myself. My soul is burthened with many crimes, and yet the Omniscient is my witness, that the first cause of them was a passion, in its origin not only blameless, but even exalted. The world may believe me what it will; I can endure its detestation with patience, for the unbiassed voice of my own conscience accuses me only of being one of the most unfortunate of men. But, that my comforter in these last trying hours, that he who has, at his first entrance into my dungeon, so compassionately announced himself as my friend, may learn to know me better;—this do I more anxiously desire than to be justified in the opinion of all the world besides: and the kindness, the commiseration towards me, visible on your countenance, assures me of your willing attention to my sad recital."

You may easily imagine, my dear friend, how much my astonishment and interest were augmented by such an address; and that even a feeling of curiosity influenced my entreaties to him to confide his story to me: which he immediately commenced in nearly the following words:—

"My father was a respectable tradesman in this town, and I, his only son, was educated with all possible care, under his immediate inspection, to succeed him in his business. From my earliest years, my disposition was silent and reserved, and the perusal of instructive and entertaining books, the dearest, and almost sole employment of my leisure hours. I avoided, from choice, the noisy pleasures of the world; and my parents cherished me, on account of this exclusive attachment for my home, with redoubled affection. In my seventeenth year I lost my mother. My father continued single for a considerable time longer, in content and happiness; he was actually approaching his sixtieth birthday, when he had the

weakness to fall in love (if, indeed, the passion could be so termed) with the youthful daughter of one of our neighbours, whose only riches consisted in her extraordinary beauty and unsullied reputation. He formally demanded her hand of her parents: and the latter, who looked upon him as a thriving, wealthy tradesman, compelled their child, partly by threats, and partly by persuasion, to pledge her faith to him, rather with her lips than with her heart. The wedding day was already fixed, when my father fell dangerously ill: he, however, soon partially recovered, and although his physician, and some still remaining weakness counselled delay, he paid but little attention to either, summoned up all his strength, and celebrated his marriage as well and as gaily as his situation permitted. But on that very day, whilst seated amid his friends, enjoying the delights of the festive board, he suddenly became so faint and ill, that he was obliged to be carried from table to his bed, from which he never again arose. He lingered in this state a whole year. And it is certain, incontestibly certain, that this ill-starred marriage never was consummated.

‘Meanwhile the maiden whom he had espoused, assumed the name of his wife, and in reward for the resignation and cheerfulness with which she supported the toils, and fulfilled the duties of an affectionate and careful nurse, he bequeathed to her by will his whole property; and left me, his only son—against whom he had never had cause to utter a single complaint—with the exception of my scanty legal portion, pennyless! How much reason soever I might now appear to have, to hate, or at least, to shun a person who had deprived me, almost in an unlawful manner, of a considerable fortune—the contrary feeling prevailed over my resentment. She was, as I have already observed, young, beautiful, of an irreproachable character; mild and obliging towards every body, and from the first moment of our acquaintance, peculiarly engaging in her behaviour to me. Little then aware of the reason, I yet sought

her company at every leisure hour—delighted in her conversation—often asked her opinion on the concerns of the house, and soon observed with secret pleasure, that she was on her part anxious to obtain mine, even on trifles, and followed my advice with the most scrupulous attention. Thus passed on some months, and I thought not on the danger of our growing attachment: but when she daily became dearer to me, when no place without her any longer had charms for me, and sleeping or waking, her idea was constantly present to my thoughts; then, too late, I observed the flame that glowed within my breast. Terrified at the precipice on which I stood, and resolved as much as possible to avoid one who never could be mine, I should immediately have quitted my father’s house, had I not been withheld by the dread of the comments my fellow citizens would make upon my conduct—by whom it might have been deemed the effect of anger against my parent for so unkindly disinheriting me—by the present situation of affairs in our business, to the prosperity of which my presence was absolutely indispensable—and lastly, by the evidently approaching dissolution of my still beloved father.

‘However, I maintained, during some time, my resolution of shunning her society; but no sooner was she aware of this, than, on the first opportunity, following me to a sequestered part of the house, she implored me, with tears in her eyes, to tell her the reason of such an alteration in my conduct, for which she had never intentionally given me any cause. I stammered out something in the form of an excuse; but all that I could say, was by her gently, yet clearly refuted: and at last, as my agitation increased, and some words escaped me, which but too well explained my real feelings, she could no longer restrain the impulse of her affection, but throwing herself into my arms, avowed her attachment to me. This event put an end to all constraint on my part, and no longer endeavouring to disguise my love, I still forced myself to try to impress on her mind the impos-

sibility of her ever being mine, and the absolute necessity of an eternal separation from her; and after an heart-rending effort, burst from her in an agony of despair. But she clung to my arm, asserted that she was but the legal, nominal, wife of my father; set before me the certainty of the speedy removal of that obstacle, and insinuated the delightful hope, that a mere name would not be the insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of our mutual wishes.

‘Her urgent entreaties, and the confidence with which she adverted to the latter alluring argument, finally overpowered my weak opposition. But by that holy name, before whose judgment seat I am about so soon to appear, I swear to you, reverend Sir, that nothing passed between us, with which my conscience at that awful hour can reproach me. A tender embrace, and reciprocal assurances of attachment and constancy, were all that I wished for and attempted to obtain, or she permitted.

At length my father expired; and some weeks afterwards, she renewed her entreaties and persuasions for me to procure legal advice for our guidance. I dared not undeceive myself; but in proportion as my ardent love for her augmented, my once confident hope of ever possessing her had declined. At length, trembling for her sake, and desperately desirous of putting an end to the distracting uncertainty in which I existed, I hastened to the nearest advocate, and unreservedly confided to him every circumstance of our situation. He inspired me with hopes; instantly dispatching a petition in my name to the High Ecclesiastical Court, for a dispensation; but, either from ignorance or carelessness, for I would not willingly impute worse motives to my countryman, he touched so lightly on the important point of the unconsummated, yet legally concluded, marriage, that a double motive and a dark artful design, were with too great seeming justice afterwards imputed to us on that account.

‘Imagine to yourself our transports of joy, when, at the end of three weeks, we received the most ample permission to marry; and from a state of torment-

ing anxiety, were at once elevated to the calm confidence of bliss in our approaching union. Can you doubt the purity of our attachment, when I affirm to you, by the Omnipresent Deity, that notwithstanding this permission, notwithstanding she was my very shadow, and watched every look of mine to obey it; though I loved her with indescribable ardour, and thought of nothing, sought for nothing, but how I might best promote her happiness, and certainly might, with a word, have induced a woman who loved me far better than herself, to dare every thing for my sake, I repeat, that more than four weeks went by without any thing more having passed between us, than we might, without hesitation, or the fear of blame, have confessed to the severest inquisitor of our conduct.

‘We now no longer kept our love or our intentions a secret from the world; but made open preparations for our approaching wedding, and by the singularity of the event, excited the curiosity and attention of our neighbours, already envious of our felicity. The magistracy interfered; commanded us to postpone our marriage, and made a report of the whole affair to the Ecclesiastical Court. God alone knows the reason which induced them to resolve upon a new proceeding, which annulled their former decision: but sure I am, that the distraction of the unfortunate traveller, who feels himself reeling down the edge of an unfathomable precipice, can not be compared to mine, when I was summoned to appear before them, and heard the overwhelming sentence which prohibited our union. And then her tears, her grief, her misery—to describe our feelings, would be far beyond my powers; I cannot, will not do it—it would only give unnecessary pain to your friendly heart, and shake that resolution, which will, ere long, be so necessary for my own support.’

Here the unhappy man paused for some minutes:—tears no longer to be restrained, burst from his eyes; and mine, I acknowledge, flowed freely: he perceived them, gratefully pressed my offered hand, and continued his sad tale.

'The decree of the church ordered us to remove to separate habitations, but neither forbade my seeing nor conversing with my step-mother, as she was now denominated, as often as I pleased. All hope had not yet vanished, of once more changing our destiny by a new representation; and as my persuasions and arguments alone withheld the wretched girl from adopting the most desperate measures; and my own misery found its only relief in her society, now become indispensable to my happiness, I was by her side from morning till night, yet still guiltless as ever.

'Alas! a neighbour, who was often with us, and who manifested real compassion for our sufferings, had the imprudence one day to say before us, that were he in my place, he would not scruple to pursue another course: that the object of the Court was merely to extort money from us, and that, in his opinion, a *living* proof of our love, would procure a permission for our marriage, sooner than all the advocates in Germany.

'Of what use would it now be to me, worthy Sir, to boast of a forbearance which can no longer gain me any advantage, or avert my fate; but my own heart tells me, that even this alluring sophistry would have failed to work its effect, had it not made a deeper impression on her mind than on mine. Her persuasions, arguments, and entreaties, once more conquered my resolution; and, fondly cherishing the pleasing anticipation of future happiness which her ardent imagination suggested, in a fatal moment, we followed his rash counsel.

'Whilst inwardly convinced of the innocence and rectitude of our intentions, we indulged ourselves in a dream too blissful to be durable, she felt that she was soon likely to become a mother. With a tender embrace, her eyes raised in gratitude towards heaven, she communicated this intelligence to me; attempted not to conceal her situation from her friends; on the contrary, proclaimed every where, that I was the father—that she never would acknowledge any other for her husband but me,

and that already, in the sight of God, she considered me as such, trusting that the event would facilitate the dearest wish of her heart—our so long protracted union. In short, by the intentional publicity we gave to the affair, it quickly came the knowledge of the magistracy, who once more resolved to interfere, and summoned us to appear before them. Neither of us hesitated to confess the whole; and the natural, though by us unforeseen consequence of our avowal, was a fresh investigation, immediate separation, and imprisonment, which however, was, for her, mitigated to confinement to her own house. Even yet I believe, and my friend, the advocate before mentioned, confirmed me in my opinion, that the whole might at last have been happily brought to a conclusion, had not an unexpected event confounded all who were favourable to our cause, and plunged us in disgrace and misery.

'To be brief: she, to whom confinement and separation from me, were insupportable, attempted to escape—was detected, brought back, and, notwithstanding her condition, treated with inhuman severity. At this news, my former patient endurance was changed into despair and madness. Flight and her deliverance, were, from that moment, the sole and anxious objects of my thoughts; and, in the state of mind in which I then was, I considered but how to accomplish the first, without having imagined the means by which I could effect the second.

'I contrived to make my escape unobserved, that very night; and I was already beyond the walls of my prison, ere I reflected how I could succeed in rescuing her, and carrying her off with me. Whither we should flee, or how we should live, seemed at that moment, trifles, which necessity would easily and quickly teach us. How to get to her was my only difficulty. Were I once taken, nothing could be more certain, than that I should be closer confined than before, and deprived of every future chance of escape. What was to be done for our preservation must be quickly done, as I could not assure my-

self that my absence would remain undiscovered another hour. Whilst a thousand plans, no sooner formed, than rejected, rushed across my mind, the idea presented itself, of setting fire to the house, or rather wooden hovel, in which she was confined; and, amidst the alarm and confusion this would occasion, to force my way to her, bear her through the flames, support her in our flight, whilst my strength sufficed, and to trust to circumstances for the rest. This project was no sooner conceived than executed: a neighbouring lamp afforded me fire, and the dry wooden work of the house soon burst into a flame. I was, unrecognized, among the first to give the alarm, rushed safely through the flames, and bore her, half dead with terror and surprise, beyond the city gates. But, alas, how seldom does our strength second our will! The exertions I had already made—the weight of my beloved burthen—the length of the way, and my own bodily weakness from long confinement, overcame me about a mile from the gates of the town, and I sank senseless upon the ground; exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood from a wound I had received in my neck during the fire. My unhappy partner attempted to support me; but in vain; her weakness required assistance for herself.—Besides, we were already missed, our pursuers arrived, secured us, and once more dragged us back to our prisons.

‘I was now, as I had foreseen, and dreaded, more closely confined than before, and my death unavoidable; but even this reflection strengthened my desperate resolution, once more, to dare all hazards—to succeed or perish. My jailor belonged to that class of rough hardened wretches, in whose breasts every feeling of humanity seems totally extinct. One day I surprised him asleep. Despair gave me strength; I found means to get rid of my chains, stole the key out of his pocket, and was already half out of the door, when he awoke,

and sprang furiously after me. I was the younger, and, in the scuffle which ensued, proved likewise the stronger. I grappled with him, and seizing him by the throat, fastened him with so firm a grasp to the wall, as to render it impossible for him to cry out for assistance. I then demanded of him to swear not to betray my escape, but instead of replying, the wretch, unperceived by me, drew a knife from his pocket, with which he attempted to stab me in the back. I, however, wrested it from him; and as I clearly perceived, that if he lived all chance of saving my own life was lost, I buried it twice in his throat, left him dying on the ground, and fled. Again I reached her I adored in safety; for she was, I well knew, on account of her dangerous state, allowed to be at liberty on bail—and once more we resolved to fly together. But the retributive arm of the avenger of blood was close behind me—we were pursued, retaken, and now within a few days, an ignominious and inevitable death awaits me. Oh how welcome to me is its approach!—Is it possible, think you, I can regret to leave a world, which has branded my name with infamy, and heaped upon my soul an accumulated mass of the deepest and most irremediable misery?’

Here the unfortunate man concluded his history, and heroically has he kept his promise of patiently, yet firmly, submitting to his fate. Oh! I could tell you much of his courage in the last awful hour—of his heart-rending interview with his miserable wife—of his repentance, piety, and holy confidence of pardon, but you must forgive me if I break off this long letter abruptly. This poor youth has become so dear to me, that I cannot think of him without tears: and if yours have not already fallen over his melancholy history, the blame must lie upon the unskilfulness of my description, which may have weakened the interest and compassion his unhappy fate would otherwise have excited.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XIX.

EXPOSURE TO SERVANTS.

Say not unto the crow, "Why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord?" or to the fawn, "Why are thine eyes to see my offspring to a hundred generations?" Are these to be compared to thee in the abuse of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful? Learn from them rather, that innocence of life, and simplicity of manners, are the paths to a good old age.

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us? Is it youth?—Can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness, and temerity?

Economy of Human Life.

THERE is an old French saying which informs us, that no man is a hero in the eyes of his Valet de Chambre. I happen to have been long enough in the world to have known France during the ancient regime, before the revolution, and I can bear testimony to the truth of this maxim in that country.

The princes of the blood and the *haute noblesse*, at that time, put a great deal of confidence in their servants. They treated them with a goodness and familiarity which is not known in colder and more prudent England, where a sense of propriety is the effect of reasoning combined with a sense of our interest. The other orders of nobility and gentry, the votaries of *haut ton* and fashion, naturally imitated the higher ranks. Every one had a confidential valet. Some had more. Many employed a very humble secretary, sprung from the lower orders, to write their letters—even their *billet doux*, assignations, proposals, etcetera; and, *soit dit en passant*, some of the half-educated giddy young nobility wrote such bad French, and worse orthography, that a proxy writer was necessary for the sake of putting his master decently upon paper.

By this means, however, their debts, their intrigues, their weaknesses and follies, were quite laid open to their domestics, who, sooner or later, betrayed them. A certain prince of royal blood knows what he confided to Blondin; and many nobles were still worse treated. Some were literally sold; and were the victims of their own credulity in this respect.

So tenderly and unreservedly did some noblemen treat their dependants, many of whom were born upon their estates, that they often *tutoy'd* the leading favourite, who was generally to them, in love affairs, what Mercury was to Jupiter. This man was *tu* and *toi* (thou and thee)—a mark of favour and affection which passed between parents and their children, patrons and *protégés* when much beloved, and also between man and wife, in the Provinces! But at court, husband and wife did not make so free: 'Twas *Madame la Duchesse*, *Monsieur le Duc*, and so forth.

Notwithstanding, however, our sense of propriety and subordination in England, yet a prodigal or a rake must make a confidant of one or more of his servants. There are his faults to conceal, his vices to hide, his debts and intrigues to keep from a parent's or from a wife's ear; not forgetting denials to unfortunate visitors, the necessary lies of the hall and anti-chamber, and the driving of duns from the door. From these circumstances, unfortunately, our nobility get into disrepute; and their secrets are blown all over the town, by the discontented or faithless mercenary who was the depositary of their inmost thoughts the eye witness of all their groveling and criminal passions.

What led me particularly to this subject was, a scape-grace Nephew of mine having dropped a letter intended for his "own man" (as he is commonly called). He had forgotten to seal it; being frightened by the voice of a dun, which induced him to slip out of my garden gate in the country, and to order his horses round; after which he cantered off for a snug retreat of his own. The letter was verbatim as follows, and addressed to his servant, at his town house:—

"JOHN THOMPSON,

"I write this to inform you, that I have left my uncle's house. The damned jeweller called there; and it is too hot to hold me any longer. I had given the porter a crown, with orders to say, if any one called, that I had gone to Ramsgate; but the fellow is a bungling rascal, and not used to town work.

Should **** call in town, swear to him that I have taken a trip to France for a few months. You must tell Bishop to take the bay horse, got by Goldfinch, from the straw-yard; and he is to make him up and sell him. I am convinced that I have over-worked him; and that his wind is touched. If this be observed by the buyer, Bishop* must swear that it is nothing but a trifling cough. You'll be glad to hear, that I got rid of the filly, and of the brown balance horse. The filly is as vicious as hell; and would have broken some of our necks. I sold her to a Portuguese. The horse looked uncommonly well. His coat was like a looking-glass. So much for care and antimony! He fetched a hundred and fifty; and an't worth a damn. Tell this to Bishop: he'll hardly believe it.—If Mary Williams comes plaguing me for money, give her five pounds; but tell her that it is useless to be thus troublesome. Swear that I am abroad; and that it is in vain to call any more, as you must give her to understand that I will do no more for her. I am quite tired of the girl; and I wish somebody else would take a fancy to her. Apropos, you must pay that woman for linen. Her account is exorbitant; but never mind: there is a very pretty girl who works at the shop, to whom you will deliver the enclosed. I mean to provide for her," (just as he did for Mary Williams;) "and if she receive my letter well, confide to her where I am, and furnish her with the means of coming to me. Speak very highly of me, and I will reward you handsomely for it. I am quite short of clothes; having only twelve pair of trowsers and twenty waistcoats, one black, one blue, and one mixture coat, besides the two tunics. I look horridly in the olive brown tunic. It makes me as sallow and bilious-looking as the devil. I only tried it on. I wish that Allen would take it back; let it lie for a day or two on his counter; and to the first *Johnny Raw* of a fellow who wants a tunic in a great hurry, Allen can swear that this one is just made for my lord so and so; and if it fit the *spoony*, he can take it off his hands: otherwise I must keep it. But as for paying for it, that is quite another matter. The dealer who sold me that balance horse is a damned scoundrel. He thought to do me; but I'm more of a dealer than him! The *Greenhorn*, who bought him of me, is just emerged from Westminster, and I make clear sixty guineas by the transaction. I send by the carrier the last two pair of dress pantaloons: they must be altered. You know that I am a little what is vulgarly called baker-kneed, which I explained to the German

fool who made them. A pad would remove the defect. What an ass a tailor must be who can't fit a man well, be his deformities what they may! Apropos—I must have six new pair of stays by the time I return, and six pair of spurs from Vincent's. Long's is a devil of a bill—but it will never be paid. I do not recollect any thing else, only keep peace amongst my undutiful and clamorous creditors." Signed as usual.

"P.S. Tell Bishop that I have sold the brace of pointers for fifty guineas. Don cost me half that sum. I bought him of Sir George. The lean dog an't worth a guinea, and never cost me but three: so that I don't lose there. I shall remit you money in a post or two."

Now if my Nephew have not here exposed all the defects of his body and of his mind to his confidential servant, I will consent to be a brewer's dray-horse! A pretty opinion John Thomson must have of his master! He writes him an easy, dashing, familiar, and disgraceful narrative, in the form of a letter which contains just this account of himself—He is in debt and in love. In the first, he is not only extravagant, but unprincipled. In the second, he is not only a voluptuary, but a base seducer. In his horse-dealing transactions, he is a rogue; and in his toilette-arrangements, he is a fool. Seducer, cheat, liar, and scoundrel, are all contained in this detail, which is slurred over with as much *sang froid* and self-satisfaction as if he were giving directions for the improvement of his estate, dispensing donations to the poor, and putting in practice every social virtue. A fine master has John Thomson got! a fine customer have Messrs. Allen, Vincent, the Jeweller, and the German, to boast of! With regard to Mary Williams, my heart bleeds for her. But as for the pretty sempstress, unless she is deaf to good counsel, she shall not be lost for want of a caution from

* His head groom—another confidant.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

From the European Magazine.

THE GLEN OF GREEN SPIRITS.

THE traveller who designs to visit Dunduffie must cross a bridge composed of two shattered pines laid from the edge of a table-rock to another nearly of the same height and even surface,

but divided by a chasm above fifty feet in depth. Tremendous and confused sounds announce to the ear a waterfall undiscoverable by the eye in the depths of this fearful gulf. Steps hewn in the precipice, with a rude ballustrade of dwarf firs and ragged shrubs, conduct

the traveller who dares trust this copy of Michael Scott's Stair in the isle of Bute, to a sudden break or angle in the rocks, from whence he beholds a broad, silent, and slumbering lake, circled by cliffs of abrupt shape but softer colour; all being tinged with purple heath-moss, or dimly seen through mists which ascend continually from this sheltered mass of water. These cliffs are indented with shallow and frequent creeks, and one romantic headland starts forward on the sight with a rude resemblance to some aged fortress broken by decay into fantastic heaps of stone. A narrow current divides it from the shore; but, when dry seasons have abated the lake, the passage is easily fordable by a Highland visitor. Few, even in our exploring period, ever reach this profound solitude; and some lean sheep are all that modern farmers have been able to introduce as inhabitants on a spot, which at the era of my story shewed no signs of human visitation, except the smoke creeping from among the pinnacles of the island-rock.

It was dead midnight when the witch-woman, who dwelt in a miserable hut under these pinnacles, saw a livid and meagre youth standing at the door. Her old ban-dog, the only protector of her retreat, couched shivering by her side at this spectacle, instead of springing forth with a ferocious bark, as he would have done at any human visitant. Yet Mause did not tremble, for she had a thread of flax spun by a child on Christmas eve, and a sprig of holly was near her chimney. Taking them both in her hands, she said, "In the name of the holy rood, what art thou?"—The stranger replied, "I am Tam Len, and no harm will befall thee. Give me the water-bucket which should be ready for my feet, and the milk thou owest me; and sleep in peace." Gay Carline,* as Mause was usually called, cast a bolder eye at her visitor. She knew the pranks of this merry spirit with refractory maidens in Ettrick and Yarrow; and the long midnight journeys he had given to meddling judges over church-steeple and mountains.

* A good old woman.

Therefore she deemed some civil hospitalities needful, especially as the little garden in her rocky recess had flourished marvellously under his tillage. Mause filled a wooden bason with pottage in which there were no herbs unfriendly to fairies, and placed it before Tam Len, with an apology for the absence of milk. "Hast thou no better bowl?" said the courteous spirit. She answered in the negative, but modestly expressed her content, not desiring to accept any household utensil from her associate, though she approved his agriculture, and knew that many holy women in Galloway had been safely honoured with his visits. Tam ate eagerly according to his custom, and departed, leaving the door ajar; but the good wife knew the laws of Faeryism too well to hazard a look, lest she should be transformed. Secure in a calm conscience, and a happy confidence in the "green people," she went to her bed of dry heather, and slept till morning. Then on her first opening of the door, she beheld a crystal cup on the threshold. Some strange characters were engraved on the brim, and on the amber base, but the Gay Carline's learning extended to nothing beyond her native language. She put it carefully in her chest, not doubting that it came as miraculously as the cup which Sir William Dunbar's ancestor brought home from the French King's cellar after his ride thither on an elf-horse, or the still richer cup found by the butler of Edenhall in a fairy-ring.

It is not wonderful that poor Mause, in her dreary solitude and desolate old-age, felt rather cheered than startled by a communicant from the world she was approaching. Her youth had been familiar with all the tales and ballads that poetic superstition had preserved in the beginning of this century; and she rested with too firm belief on the legends of Nic Nevin, Red Cap, Brownie, Merlin the Wild, and others, to doubt the existence of beings, partly human and partly ærial, according to the system of Celtic elves. And this Tam Len, or Thomline, well deserved the appellation of "good neighbour," by which such spirits are distinguished, as, since he had

visited Dunduffie, her garden had grown fertile, her stock of goats had increased, and every week a spade, a wooden keg, or some small article of useful manufacture had been added to her hut. It is true the produce of her garden was not all consumed by herself; the supernumerary goats were found in her little enclosure of rocks in a frightened and fatigued state, as if they had been "lifted" in an ordinary way, and were often milked by other hands. But the giver was a harmless elf; his visits were short, and his close suit of seeming green leather, such as Tam Len has always worn, never met her touch. Mause ate her meal-puddings in peace, and wisely asked nothing: nor did the Green Spirit address any counsel to her till the night before Hallowe'en. On that night his visit was shorter, and his command awful. "To-morrow," said he, "thou wilt need a basket of hemp-stalk and a hood of wool. Take thy place under the Imp tree where four waters meet, and thou shalt hear my brethren pass. See that thou speakest not, but when the fifth shall go by, take what he giveth thee." Thomline, or Tam, departed as he spoke; and Mause, with some fearful recollection of the mischiefs performed on such occasions in Glenfinlas and Liddesdale, began to hesitate between curiosity and religion. She was the grand-daughter of Marion Weir, one of the heroines commemorated in the dismal days of Cameronian frenzy; and her faith in goblins was equal to her trust in the armour of truth. She had heard all the mysterious tales of supernatural agents sanctified by John Knox's pen; and concluded finally that her acquiescence would be no profane or dangerous trial. On the eve of Allhallows, which has ever been the jubilee of fairies, Gay Carline set forth to the distant glen where the four waters met, an incident favourable to their revels, and seating herself in her blue cloak with her basket of holy hemp-stalk, awaited the procession. It came, but not, as the traditions of Ettrick forest had taught her to expect, with a train of gay palfreys jingling their silver bells, but in a long, wild, and strange medley

of shapes and garments. The leader, unlike the celebrated Queen of Elf-land, had neither coral nor silk in her girdle, nor any garland on her head, but her eyes had an unearthly brightness in them, and her song was in no human language. Then followed a brown, a black, and a grey steed, nearly as the maiden of Carterhaugh is said to have seen them, each ridden by a rider of antic figure, and the last was a thin white horse, on which sat a phantom most resembling the Brown Man of the Moor, known to all ancient Scotch-women.* Mause trembled at the approach of this uncouth and malignant elf, but she did not forget her familiar's command, and held out her basket to receive the promised gift. If the horseman was visionary, the gift was substantial; at least in its appearance to the eyes of old Mause when the elfin equipage had disappeared, and she opened the bundle left behind. It seemed an infant boy less than fifteen months in age, and in all the loveliness of human childhood. A strange incident!—but fairies are known to have earthly offspring, and to desire for them both Christian nurses and baptism, as has been evidenced in the Isle of Man and Inverness-shire. It lay no doubt in a charmed sleep while she returned to her hut, and there more cautiously examining its envelopements, found neither jewel nor fine linen, but a small knot of blue silk, which she untwined, and saw, as she expected, an amulet in the shape of a small shred of parchment, bearing Celtic words to this purpose.

"When bush and wall are both of whin,
Gold shall grow in Dunduffie's linn:
Where the woodbine and gilliflowers twine,
Ye shall find a gold mine."

Gay Carline no longer doubted that she was selected to act as foster mother to this fairy changeling, to whom she first offered certain herbs; but finding it expressed no elfish taste for them, she administered the pure milk of her goats, and the whole of a loaf which she found daily deposited on her threshold, of

* Poor Mause was less fortunate than the Manksman (mentioned by Waldron) who saw above a dozen fairy horses well mounted, and of the best kind, for fairies disdain ponies.

such rare whiteness and exquisite flavour, that her imagination ascribed it without doubt to the good green people, whose skill in kneading is notorious. The infant throve as if it had been fed on magic food; but on the seventh night after its arrival, while she lay awake, she saw the lean face of her friend Tam Len at the casement. But there was fern-seed scattered there, and on that account, perhaps, he did not enter. In the next hour she slept, and the face of Tam in her dream awakening her, she started up, and saw by the clear moonlight that the babe was exchanged. Instead of a fair blooming boy with large blue eyes and bright hair, she saw a new born creature with a ghastly face, and limbs that seemed unnaturally long. These were symptoms of elfin deception, and Mause almost shrunk from her new foster-child: but the morning gift found at her door was a wrapper of the finest linen, and a mattress of floss-silk. Gay Carline took courage, and in a few days, though it performed the functions of eating, sleeping, and even breathing, very feebly, she imagined that it became of more human aspect. Even in her prejudiced eyes, its female sex and its helplessness gave it some attraction, and by degrees it seemed beautiful. Nothing indeed could surpass the soft texture of its skin, the silvery lightness of its hair, and its perfect symmetry of shape; but when its nurse murmured or sung certain rhymes against witchcraft, she thought the infant gazed on her with eyes of singular expression. She concluded, therefore, that the body was mortal, but that a fairy soul had been breathed into it instead of its own. In the increase of the March moon, she twisted wreaths or circles of oak and ivy; and having passed it thrice through these circles to disenchant it, the pious dame touched her foster-child's brow with a cross of wood which had been dipped in St. Fillan's well. She was in this act when Tam Len appeared at the door, and sang with a gesture of strange joy the words she had found in the amulet. Mause now conceived the gold mine of Dunduffle was designed to recompense her, and determined to

hazard a search, after the sanctifying rite she had just performed. Under the whin-bush beneath the appointed spot, she found with more awe than astonishment a pitcher of clay filled with gold coin. It was enough to have tempted Thomas of Ercildoune, or the Hermit of Tweed-dale himself; yet Mause forbore even to touch a doit. But the Gay Carline was a woman: she lay awake three nights meditating whether she might safely expend fairy gold without being "sodden in a brass cauldron," like Lord Souhis at Nine Stane Rig, or beguiled like the fair Janet on Broom-hill. Every week a web of fair linen, a basket of rare fish, and sometimes a keg of no invisible or ethereal spirit, was deposited on her threshold; but no good fairy had yet sent her a new cambric curch.* Satan, more powerful than Tam Len or John Knox, determined her to hazard one visit to the Martinmas tryst at -----, and there to purchase some choice snuff, a bible, and a curch. The day was fine, the purchases made with a piece of "braid gold" from the pitcher; and though her absence had been two hours in length, the infant smiled as if it had been newly fed, and its thin curls of white flossy hair had just been combed. But her punishment begun before midnight. Tam Len suddenly entered her hovel with glaring eyes; and clasping her with hands that seemed iron cold, leaped at once from the rocks, to which he dragged the shrieking foster-nurse, into the lake below.

There was no instant for thought or struggle. Though he dived only for ten seconds, strange sounds had begun to ring in Mause's ears, and colours of marvellous brilliance floated before her eyes. When she emerged again from the water, they seemed to behold such wonders as the diving-bell is said to have revealed to an adventurous Manksman. She thought herself in a spacious room propped by pillars of crystal not inferior to diamonds, and walls embossed in rare figures with mother of pearl and shells of all hues. Clusters that shone in the light reflected from a lamp

* A matron's cap or hood worn in Scotland.

like the moon in the various tints of topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, hung loose from the roof and on the walls: even the floor had a pavement gleaming like polished porphyry; and a large jasper table stood in the centre, with a sofa near it, on which lay a woman of exquisite beauty. The dazzled and bewildered cotter remembered all she had ever heard of water-kelpies or mermaids;* and doubted not that she beheld either Nic Nevin herself, or the elf of Colonsay.† The Beauty wore round her neck a row of fine coral, which confirmed her first surmise, and Tam Len, who stood by her side, prevented all others, by commanding her to use her skill in curing the sick lady. Mause was confounded at this application to her aid, but soon perceived its necessity. This beautiful inhabitant of a palace which she supposed beneath the lake had not long been a mother, and the ravages of mortal agony were evident. "Secresy, speed, and obedience, are the price of your life!" said her strange guide, and the injunction was scarcely needful to enforce the terrors which superstition and amazement had created. She had been brought there, as it seemed, by means more than human; and the power of these beings might be unbounded in some points, though in others they depended on human aid. But that aid was vain, though Mause had more than ordinary science. The unknown lady cast looks of anguish on her new attendant and her mysterious companion; raised herself often as if to speak, and as often sunk again without power, till a sudden and quick shiver ended her existence.

The Carline looked at the ghastly remains with stupid surprise, as if she still questioned the mortal nature of her patient; and when the seeming master of the mansion commanded her in a stern and hollow voice to prepare the body for its grave-clothes, her terror became unspeakable. She was now left alone with it; and though she well knew all

the ceremonies of a lyke-wake or death-watch night, Mause could not guess how far they were appropriate to one whose christianity she doubted deeply. And a woman thus circumstanced, even in a bolder age, might have been pardoned, if, like Mause, she had paused to guard herself first from evil by tasting the full bowl of wine on the table. Then approaching the dead lady, she carefully untied the knots in her hair, supposing them as usual a token of witchcraft, and had it been in her power would have opened the door to give the departed spirit a free passage home. Finding it firmly closed, she seated herself in increased terror at the foot of the couch; and as she sang the simple rhyme taught by Scotch custom, her fascinated eyes dwelt on the corpse till it seemed to frown. Twice or thrice a deadly moan from some unseen person mingled with her own chant; and once a human voice not far distant repeated, in a melancholy accent, "Binnorie—O Binnorie!"* These words are connected in a northern peasant's ear with very doleful ideas; and Mause had not courage to move again, except to reach the goblet of wine, near which she had wisely taken her seat. The voices in her ears, and the spectacle before her eyes, sank all into the misty confusion of a deep sleep, from whence she awoke to find herself quietly deposited in her hovel.

The dryness of her present apparel proved she had not been brought under water as before, and its texture also proved her adventure had been no dream. She still wore the petticoat of scarlet cloth and embroidered bodice which had been given to her by Tam Len last night in exchange for her wet garments, now rolled in a bundle beside her. She viewed herself in them with strange admiration, which the screams of her half-famished changeling interrupted; and other sounds, still more disturbing, claimed her attention. These sounds were the heavy footsteps and rough song of a man in a pedlar's attire, half leaping and half wading to-

* She might have remembered the Nun of Dryberg, who dwelt fifty years in an unseen retreat.

† The tales preserved in the Advocate's Library, dated 1680. A kid's foot and a left shoe might have been useful on this occasion.

* The burden of a song sung in tradition by a deceived fair one.

wards the hollow square of rocks which her hovel filled. "Good be wi' ye're door-stane, lucky!" said he, as he crossed it without waiting for the ceremony of an invitation, and before she had time to do more than attempt to hide her rich raiment by wrapping herself in her blue cloak. The chapman sat down beside the three cross wands which supported her kail-pot over a few dead embers, and asked for a good-will cup. Such visits and demands from wandering chapmen were common then, as they still remain; but this man's countenance indicated no common trumper. His large loose coat hung to his heels without defining his shape; his hair was coarse, and singularly matted over eyes whose black diamond brightness agreed ill with its murky yellow. Pistols were hid under his pack, and an air of command shewed itself more forcibly by contrast with his grotesque apparel. He turned his prying eyes round the Carline's hut with fierce greediness, till they rested on the infant in her lap; and having drank to her "roof-tree," he added, "Where gat ye that water-lily, lucky? It's no like the gay goss hawk ye gat fra' Dougal Caird."* Mause trembled at that name. Dougal Caird was at that period one of the boldest, handsomest, and most dexterous of the gipsy tribe in Scotland, and practised the various trades of tinker, fortune-teller, and free-booter, to the terror of all sober men and solitary women. She answered, with the courtesy naturally suggested by her fears that he stood in her presence, and professed she had never seen the canty callan. Dougal, as she supposed her visitor to be, relaxed his grim, yet youthful, features into a kind of smile, and settled himself more familiarly by the ingle. He offered her sundry baubles from his pack, shrewdly glancing at her holiday attire, and told merry tales of village scandal. Mause thought anxiously on her pitcher of gold, and cast a meaning eye at her door-stone; but the sky darkened suddenly, the wind rose and torrents of rain de-

scended. The Caird seemed to repose on her hospitality; and stirring up the blazing peat, began that plaintive ditty, called Lord Maxwell's Good-night. He sang the last verse twice, with a sad and earnest expression; and pausing as if he waited for an echo, repeated the burthen of his song distinctly—

"Adieu, Dumfries, my ain dear place!

Till I come o'er the sea;

Adieu, my ladie and only joy,

I may not stay with thee."

The sweet and well-known melody fixed Mause's ear; but between the dismal sighings of the wind, another voice seemed to rise. The waves beat tumultuously against the little pile of rocks now entirely insulated, and the mournful sounds heard among their clamour were like the shrieks of sinking sailors. The Caird ran to the door, and climbing on the highest rock, saw a light floating among the waters. Yet it was not on any mast or eminence, and presently it glided past the edge of the isle, and sunk in the dark waters. Mause saw it distinctly, and even Dougal confessed its semblance to the corpse-lights that rise and float where unhappy travellers have perished. The cries had grown fainter till they ceased; and the storm itself began to sleep. It was "mirk midnight," but Dougal continued to walk on the isle of rocks till morning's light shewed him a human body bound to a plank of oak stuck upright in a creek, which the swell of the current had covered more than ten feet deep. The swell had now subsided—Mause sprang across, and beheld the body of Thomline, dead and bleaching in the wind. At this spectacle, easily explained by the shattered boat which lay among the hollows, the Carline remembered his shrieks for succour, probably while he lashed himself to the last plank, and she wrung her hands with bitter moanings over her benefactor. The Caird listened eagerly to her confused tale of the dead lady and the house beneath the lake, which her loquacious agitation could not conceal: but insisted on endeavouring to trace them. It was in vain she reminded him of water-kelpies, of a Bishop of Galloway whose body was half changed

* A vagabond pedlar or tinker. [See Walter Scott's ballad of "Donald Caird," *Ath.* vol. 3, p. 199.]

to glass by their enchantments, and of a Dumfries-shire gentleman carried off on one of their white nags. The adventurous gipsy held her arm with a firm hand, and his pistols in the other, till he walked round all the windings and creeks of the Glen. No inlet betrayed a human habitation, but a peculiar agitation of the waters discovered what is called a deep "pot of the linn." The receding current left the edges of this cauldron bare; and Mause, whose curiosity began to struggle with her superstitions, pointed out an opening to which it might be necessary sometimes to dive under the shallow water. She hesitated to accompany him farther, and he paused himself, till a touching sight determined them. A child sat under the narrow arch feeding a starling, which cried in a shrill tone, "Binnorie;—O Binnorie!"—This unfortunate boy had been already two days alone, waiting for him who would return no more, and had shared his last morsel with his favourite bird. No doubt remained. The adventurers entered, and climbed the ascent hewn in this cavern, till it brought them to a higher chamber, now lighted only by a crevice in the side, which shewed the rich incrustations of spar and stalactite on its roof. The table remained, and the lonely sofa covered with white linen. Mause's unknown companion raised it slowly, and saw the young and beautiful Countess of Cassilis, whose elopement from a fond husband with a gipsy youth had

been long ascribed to witchcraft. It was the Earl himself who now looked upon her. Hoping to redeem his only son, he had come disguised to this glen, guided by the track of the gipsy gang with whom he suspected Mause of confederacy. But Tam Len, the real Dougal Caird, only profited by the aged Carline's superstition to supply his unsuspected retreat with milk and vegetables, and conceal his visits even from his tribe. Lord Cassilis gave generous pity to the fate of his unhappy wife; he removed her from the solitary chamber in the gipsy's cave to the grave he dug for her himself near Mause's cabin. Nor did the good Carline forget to cover it with the gilliflowers and bush of woodbine due to those who die in travail. The heir of Cassilis went home with the father from whom he had been stolen; and his half-sister, born in guilt and misery, remained under the care of Mause, whose recompense was the pitcher of broad gold pieces, one of which, when it was spent at the tryste, first led to these discoveries. The gold mine of Dunduffle is now only the burial place of Dougal Caird and Lady Cassilis, still visible perhaps in the Glen of Green Spirits.

"Let us now talk of the superstitions of other countries (said the Provost) and see whether their follies have the merit of variety." The kirk-minister shook his head, and courteously took the privilege of his age and station to offer his narrative first.

V.

VOYAGE TO JAPAN.

From the Literary Gazette.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN, &c. BY CAPT. GOLOWNIN. London 1819.

When we reviewed Captain Golownin's preceding publication, the account of his Three-years' Captivity,* we not only expressed our approbation of the manner in which he communicated what he had to state, but of the matter, which we found full of interest. It was precisely the round unvarnished tale which we want on such subjects. A sensible and observant man need only tell us, connectedly and in clear terms, what he hears and sees when he visits a country so curious and so imperfectly known as Japan; and we will answer for it, his narrative will be more prized than if he

took ten times the pains to compose a work with epic nicety, reasoning on every point, and twisting some hypothesis of his own into every incident.

The present volume is of the same valuable character. The Recollections are plain unaffected statements of things entirely deserving of being recorded; and readers will experience both entertainment and instruction in perusing so many remarkable traits of a remarkable people.

"THE geographical situation of the Japanese possessions (we need hardly remark) is, in respect to latitude, the same as that of the countries lying between the southern provinces of

* *Ath.* vol. 3, pp. 21, 52, 108.

France, and the south part of Morocco. The Japanese empire consists of islands, the largest and most considerable being Nippon; at a small distance to the north of which lies the twenty-second Kurile Island of Matmai or Matsmai."

"The climate is widely different from that of the corresponding latitudes which we have indicated in Europe and Africa. In Matsmai, on a parallel with Leghorn, Bilbao, and Toulon, where frost is hardly known, the snow lies in the vallies and plains from November till April, the rain pours down in torrents at least twice a week, the horizon is cloudy, violent winds prevail, and yet the fog is scarcely ever dispersed. Similar results are observable in the other islands, and every meteorological phenomenon proves that the climate is much ruder in the eastern than in the western hemisphere. This great difference proceeds from local causes. The Japanese possessions lie in an ocean which may be truly called the Empire of Fogs. In the Summer months the fogs often last three or four days without interruption, and there seldom passes a day in which it is not for some hours gloomy, rainy, or foggy. Perfectly clear days are as rare in Summer there, as fogs in the Western Ocean. Though the fine weather is more constant in Winter, yet a week seldom passes without two or three gloomy days."

Such is their climate, and equally dark it may well be supposed is the origin of the Japanese people. The popular fables are as foggy as their weather, or as the traditions of more enlightened countries:—

"Our Interpreter Teske, and the Man of Learning (Scholar,) often laughed in our conversations, at the credulity of their countrymen in regard to their origin. Among other things they related that they had a tradition, that, at a period of remote antiquity, the whole earth was covered with water, in which state it remained during a countless series of years without the Almighty Creator, whom the Japanese call *Tenko Sama* (Ruler of Heaven,) having cast his eye upon it. At length, Kami, his eldest son, obtained permission to

put the earth in order, and to people it. He therefore took an extremely long staff to sound the depth, which he found to be the least, exactly in the place where Japan now rises out of the sea. He threw the earth from the bottom up in a heap, and created the island of Nippon, furnished it with all the natural productions which still flourish there, divided himself into two beings, one male and one female, and peopled the new country; when the other children of God saw their brother's work, they did the same in other parts of the globe, and though they succeeded in creating countries, ordering and peopling them, they, however, had not the skill which their elder brother possessed; and, hence, in their creation of countries and men, they did not retain the same perfection.* For this reason, the Japanese are superior to all other inhabitants of the earth, and the productions of Japan better than all others. Teske, who related to us this tradition from their ancient history, laughed, and said that even to this day most of his countrymen believed the silly fable, and many affirmed that a part of the staff which their first ancestor had employed to measure the depths of the ocean, still existed as an evergreen-tree on one of the highest mountains in the island of Nippon."

Leaving the past, we may look with greater interest at the present condition and character of the Japanese. Our author represents them as sensible and ingenious, but excessively timid or rather cowardly. The common people are fond of strong liquors, and frequently drink to excess on holidays, tho' to be intoxicated in the day-time is looked upon as disgraceful. He continues:—

"Among the vices of the Japanese, the most prevalent appears to be incontinence. Though the law does not allow them to take more than one wife, they have the right to keep concubines, and all opulent people make use of this right even to excess. The bagnios are

* Another statement says, "That at the beginning of the world, the first of seven Celestial Spirits arranged the chaos, or confused mass of Land and Sea, when, from the end of the rod with which he performed it, there fell a muddy froth, which condensed, and formed the islands of Japan."—Ed.

under the protection of the laws, and have their regulations, rules, and privileges. The owners of such houses are not, indeed, considered infamous, and enjoy the same rights as merchants, who deal in a permitted commodity with the consent of the government; but the Japanese avoid being acquainted with them. The lovers of such places generally visit them from sun-set to sun-rise. The music plays and the drum is beat. There were some such houses near our abode, and I cannot remember that a single night passed without our hearing the drum: hence I conclude that these places are never without visitors. The Japanese told us, that at Yeddo, the capital of the temporal emperor, there are numbers of the largest buildings of this kind, which are nothing inferior in magnificence to the palaces of princes: in one of these temples, dedicated to Venus, there are six hundred priestesses, and yet the porters are often obliged to refuse admittance to young worshippers of the goddess, because there is no vacancy. We were assured that the proprietors of these magnificent magazines spare nothing to furnish them with the most beautiful merchandize, and this is very easily to be believed. On one of our walks in Matsmai, the interpreters, to gratify our curiosity, led us past such a house: half a dozen young creatures ran to the door to see us. I observed that some of them were in the bloom of youth, and so handsome, that they would have done no discredit to a house of the same description in an European capital; but perhaps they appeared so to me only, because my eyes had been so long deprived of the sight of our fair country-women."

A more infamous Asiatic practice, to which we may hardly allude, is represented as being common.

It is more agreeable to record, to the honour of the Japanese, that

"Every one is able to read and write, and knows the laws of his country, which are seldom changed; and the most important of which are publicly exposed on large tables in the towns and villages, in the public squares and other places. --- In agriculture, horticulture, the fishery, the chace, the man-

ufacture of silk and woollen stuffs, of porcelain, and varnished goods, and in the polishing of metals, they are not at all inferior to the Europeans; in the arts of cabinet-making and turnery they are perfect masters, and are besides admirably skilled in the production of all articles belonging to domestic economy. Every Japanese is acquainted with the medicinal virtues of the various herbs which grow in that climate, and almost every one carries about him the most usual medicines, which he immediately uses in case of need. In painting, architecture, sculpture, engraving, music, and probably also in poetry, they are far our inferiors; in the art of war they are still children, and their knowledge of navigation is confined to coasting."

Ignorance we see may be a blessing or a curse.

"The number of unprejudiced Japanese is very small in proportion to the whole nation. They are, in general, not only extremely bigotted, but superstitious. They believe in sorcery, and love to converse on miraculous stories. They ascribe to the fox all the properties and mischievous tricks which the common people in Europe attribute to the devil or unclean spirit. Among us, the thunder kills with a stone arrow; in Japan it is a cat which is hurled down by the lightning. In Russia, when you praise any one, you must spit three times, that he may not become sick; if you give any one salt at table, you must laugh, in order not to quarrel afterwards, &c. In Japan, nobody goes over a new bridge, for fear of dying, till the oldest man in the country, in which the bridge is situated, has been led over it. Among us the ends of wax-tapers, which are left at the morning mass, on Sunday are a protection against lightning; among the Japanese, peas, roasted in a pan, which they eat at a great winter festival, and of which they preserve a part for the summer, possess the same virtue. They affirmed that, if, during a thunder-storm, some of these wonder-working peas are thrown against the walls of a house, the lightning cannot enter, and consequently every thing in that house shall be perfectly safe.

"On their high roads, every mountain,

every hill, every cliff, is consecrated to some divinity ; at all these places, therefore, travellers have to repeat prayers, and frequently several times over. But, as the fulfilment of this duty would detain pious travellers too long on the road, the Japanese have invented the following means to prevent this inconvenience. Upon these spots, consecrated to divinities, they set up posts, in case there are none already there, to mark the distances. In these posts a long vertical cut is made, about an

arsheem and a half, above the ground ; on which a flat round iron plate turns like a sheave in a block. Upon this plate the prayer is engraved, which is dedicated to the divinity of the place ; to turn it round, is equivalent to repeating the prayer, and the prayer is supposed to be repeated as many times as it turns round. In this manner the traveller is able, without stopping, and merely by turning the plate with his fingers, to send up even more prayers to the divinity than he is obliged to do.

To be continued.

From the London Magazines, 1819.

FRAGMENTA.

From the Literary Gazette.

KOTZEBUE ON LAS CASES.

WE extract the following whimsical illustration of the position of Buonaparte and his adherents, from a recent publication of the celebrated Kotzebue.

“ We have often ruminated on the point, whence it arose that Buonaparte still has some such violent partisans as Count Las Cases. Either they are hypocrites, or they mean honestly. In the first case they have made a false reckoning, and can no more retract, or hope that some day or other the altars of their idol will be again erected. In the second case, they are either so blind that they do not or will not see Napoleon’s innumerable acts of wickedness, or they are so mad and so degenerate as to consider them as great actions. Upon all these suppositions, (and in truth we can make no other) they are contemptible persons, hypocrites or block-heads, idiots or scoundrels. Out of charity, we will class Count Las Cases among the blind : but he must not fancy that he is able to *throw dust in the eyes* of those who can see. There have been instances of little dogs, which have been confined in the same cage with a lion and were spared, having shewn the wild beast an attachment, which in general dogs show only to men. Suppose such a dog could speak, and assured us that the lion was not of the feline kind,

was no beast of prey, nor, as every naturalist now knows, as cowardly as cruel ; and, therefore, the keeper was wrong to shut him up ; and that, besides, the meat which was daily thrown to him was not always so fresh and tender as he was used to :—what answer should we make to the dog ?”

ABBE DE PREVOST.

The ingenious Abbé de Prevost fell by a fate as extraordinary as that of any of the most unfortunate heroes of his own romances. He was attacked, while wandering alone in the forest of Chantilly, by a fit of the apoplectic kind, which rendered his body, to appearance, dead. Some peasants carried him to the next village, where a rural court of justice, summoned in haste, decreed that he ought to be instantly opened, that it might be known whether or not he died fairly. The surgeon of the hamlet, in a moment, began the operation. In vain did the reviving Abbé shriek aloud. It was too late. He only opened his eyes to see the horrid apparatus around him, and then closed them to endless night. Those who have wept over the fate of Cleveland and Des Grieux, who have been entertained by the Fair Greek, or been improved by the life of Sethos, will feel a painful sensation at hearing that their amusing friend ended his life in a manner so strangely tragical.—*Euro. Mag.*

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

The *Sieur Galland*, editor of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, had disgusted the literary people of his residence, by publishing his two first volumes half filled with insipid questions and answers of the sisters *Scheherazade* and *Dinarzade*. Fretted with this tiresome folly, some young men came in the middle of a frosty night, and contrived all kinds of alarming noises to rouse the author. After they had kept him for some time in suspense, with his head and shoulders exposed to the cold air, one of them said to him, "Dear sister, if you be not asleep, I would pray you until break of day, which is near at hand, to go on with that agreeable story which you began." Poor *Galland*, finding his own words so unmercifully turned against him, shut his window, and, consulting his pillow, published the tales in his succeeding volumes without any more such ridiculous introductions.—*Ibid.*

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING PEOPLE
WHEN THEY SNEEZE.

Religione patrum multos servata per annos.
VIRG. *Æn.* II. 715.

IT is by no means an uninteresting pursuit, to examine into the causes which have given birth to various customs existing, at the present day, among civilized nations—which excite the attention of the curious, but are become so familiar, from constant habit, to the generality of men, that they seldom trouble themselves to inquire into the sources from whence they sprung. It is thought quite sufficient, by many, to know that these practices exist—the cause of their existence is a matter of perfect indifference. But the mind of the philosopher is not satisfied with this. He seldom dismisses any thing from his observation without informing himself of its nature, and tracing it, if possible, to its origin. Now there are many customs and habits among us, which are in themselves trifling and unimportant; but which, when investigated, frequently give rise to many curious and interesting discoveries. We do not, however, contend, that we should derive any very impor-

tant knowledge from such studies; but, generally speaking, whatever tends to promote a spirit of inquiry, and to exercise the investigating powers of the mind in its search for truth, is useful.

One of the most singular of these trifling forms, which are in daily use among us, and which we mechanically employ, almost without knowing its meaning, is the practice of saluting people when they sneeze. This custom is generally believed to have originated during the regency of *Brunehaut*, in France, and the pontificate of *Gregory the Great*. It is pretended, that at this time (A. D. 613) there was a malignity in the air, so contagious in its nature, that whoever was unfortunate enough to sneeze, expired on the spot: and that, on this account, *Gregory* ordered all good Christians to offer up prayers, accompanied with vows, for the purpose of averting these evil effects. But this seems evidently to be a fable, formed against all rules of probability.

We find the following account in *Grose's Olio*.

"The Rabbis say, that, after the Creation, God made a general law, by which it was ordained that every living man should sneeze but once, and that, at the very moment he sneezed, he should resign his soul to the Lord, without any previous indisposition. *Jacob*, by no means pleased with this abrupt method of quitting the world, and being desirous of settling his affairs previous to his departure, humbled himself before the Lord, and urgently requested the favor of being exempted from the general rule. He obtained his wish—he sneezed, and did not die. All the princes of the earth being informed of the fact, unanimously ordained, that in future every person who sneezed should offer up prayers for the preservation of his life."

So much for Rabbinical fables:—But the most curious and rational dissertation on this subject, occurs in *Strada, Prælectiones*, Lib. iii. Præl. 4; where, in his "*Pistor Suburbanus*," he treats the matter at large. He ridicules the idea of this custom having originated in the time of *Gregory*, and traces it up

to a much earlier period, quoting Apuleius, Petronius Arbiter, Pliny, and even Aristotle.—*New M. Mag.*

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

The Chevalier's letters to his mother excited the attention of all Europe, by their elegance and sensibility. One trait, in addition, will finish his character. He had an old female servant, who robbed him every day: he was frequently told of it, and asked why he did not turn her away? his only reply was—"If I do, who will take her?"

QUAINTNESS OF EXPRESSION.

It is difficult to define precisely what we mean by the common term, "quaintness of expression." It probably implies great simplicity of thought and language, with a certain dryness which is humorous from the perfect gravity and and good faith in which the thought is given, and the absence of all intention to excite ludicrous ideas. It is, in some respects, synonymous with the French *naïveté*.

The following ludicrous title to a collection of old poems, by George Gascoigne, has the appearance of being too intentionally absurd to be called quaint:

"A hundred sundrie flowers bound up in one small posie, gathered partly by translation, in the fine and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others, and partly by invention, out of our own fruitful gardens of England—yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers."—*Ibid.*

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

The extraordinary exertions made by a dog belonging to a poor old man, now maintained by the Duke of Penthièvre, as related in the Literary Gazette for last year, have been greatly surpassed by a greyhound which lost his own master at the battle of Culloden. Mr. O. a young gentleman from the south of Scotland, served as a volunteer in the company of a highland chief, or rather a demi-chieftain, and had been very kind to the animal previous to the

fatal day. After the fall of Mr. M'D. the dog attached himself to Mr. O.; but he was so remarkable for size and beauty, that the fugitive apprehended he would be the means of discovering his retreat. Two Highland lads, who had been soldiers in the same company, and undertook to guide the Southron through bye paths, assured him, that the greyhound would be a safeguard, able to cope with several men, unless they were assisted by fire-arms. The Highlanders conducted Mr. O. through the Hills of Glenmoriston, Kintail, Knoidart, &c. and past Fort William to Appin, where they applied to a friend of their cause to ferry them to the opposite shore. This man would not venture to give such ostensible aid; but made them welcome to his boat, when darkness would conceal their embarkation. He advised them to land Mr. O., as he was most obnoxious to government, and nearly exhausted by travelling; and to return with the boat, leaving Mr. O. under some shelter, to recruit a little, since he was dreadfully wounded. They could rejoin him by going round to a narrow arm of the sea, where the public ferryman would show them favour, if needful. Mr. O. was rowed to the opposite side, and left in a waste sheep cot, with his dog, while the young men went to take the boat to the owner. When the day dawned, Mr. O. in great anxiety hastened to look out for his friends, as the night had been tempestuous. He soon descried the boat keel uppermost. His distress no poignancy of words can describe: a stranger to the country and the language, wrung by mental and personal anguish, he thought of delivering himself up at a gentleman's house, he had been warned to shun, as his brothers were in the Duke of Cumberland's army. He bent his steps in that direction; but observing a party of soldiers on an eminence, and two officers talking to them, he turned aside into a wood. It was the beginning of winter: the trees were leafless, but so thick of branches, and dwarf brushwood, as to afford some concealment. Mr. O. sat down, and, for the first time, observed his dog carrying his

wallet, containing provisions and dressing for his wounds. The animal laid down the wallet, and disappeared. In a little time he returned, laid his head on Mr. O.'s knee, and, with mute eloquence, induced him to rise and follow. The dog led him to a cave, where he soon fell asleep. On awaking, he found a great addition to his store. The dog had broken up the pantry of the gentleman's house, during the night, and brought the spoil to his master. A guard of soldiers prevented a repetition of depredations, and it has been supposed the greyhound noticed them, for he did not again approach the spot, and was not suspected. In those unhappy times, it was a point of humanity to feed stray dogs, as so many lost their masters in the field of battle. Whatever the

greyhound received, he brought to Mr. O. and lived upon game, caught by himself. He licked Mr. O.'s wounds, and thus contributed to relieve the pain: and while he slept, the dog was generally vigilant. Happily, he was absent when an officer found Mr. O. in profound repose. He had removed the arms of the outlaw; but the dog would have strangled any one that approached. The officer gently awoke Mr. O., assuring him his intentions were not hostile. He required only his word of honour never to mention having seen him, and he would send a trusty person at night to take him to his brother's house. He kept his word. Mr. O. was concealed in this family until his broken arm was cured; and he got safe to Holland with his faithful canine attendant. *Ibid.*

From the Literary Gazette.

MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF THE LIFE OF
JAMES HARDY VAUX,

A SWINDLER AND PICKPOCKET; WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. CONTINUED FROM P. 154.

OUR last notice left Mr. Vaux in a state of almost perfect felicity, plundering for a subsistence, and only haunted by the dread of the gallows. The title to the chapter in which this state of things is depicted, is as severe a satire upon the misuse of the English language in modern politics and ethics as was ever penned; it runs thus:—"My regular course of life when disengaged from my vicious companions.—Meet with an *amiable girl, like myself, the child of misfortune.*—We cohabit together.—Our mutual happiness." A pretty phraseology, truly, for thieving, prostitution, and the most loathsome vice. We fear, however, that patriotism, humanity, charity, philanthropy, independence, consistency, and a multitude of equally well-sounding words, are daily and hourly abused in a similar manner as Mr. Vaux abuses regularity, amiability, unfortunate, &c. meaning thereby a life of sin, debauchery, and guilt.

The next marked adventure of our hero's career was his being detected in stealing a silver snuff-box at a Middlesex Meeting at Hackney. For this he was tried at the Old Bailey and acquit-

ted, owing to the confusion of a witness against him, from whose terror an answer not consistent with truth was extracted.

His last exploit was a grand operation upon the diamonds, &c. of Mr. Bilger, a jeweller, in Picadilly. Under the pretence of bespeaking a diamond ring, this expert depredator contrived to rob that person of several valuable rings, brooches, seals, and gold clasps. These being disposed of, he had the hardihood to repeat his visit to the Jeweller's, and thus enabled him to identify his person. The necessary steps for his apprehension being taken, he had a very narrow escape at his next call at the Pawnbroker's where some of the property was lodged; while an attempt was made to keep him in chat until an officer was procured, he suspected the design, and owed his safety to the swiftness of his heels. Alarmed at this, the virtuous pair retired to a small house in St. George's-fields, and broke off all the means of tracing their retreat, refrained for a time from depredations, and lived as well as they could on the remains of past plunder. The catastrophe was not, however, to be avoided:—

At length (says Mr. Vaux) necessity compelled me to waive every consideration, for every thing we could conveniently spare was in pawn, including even my books, some of which were valuable. I, therefore, dressed myself in my usual manner, and on Tuesday evening, the 31st of January 1809, left my home with an intention of trying my luck at one of the theatres; but in my way thither, I was induced to enter a shop (namely, Sharp's, the razor-maker, corner of Ludgate-hill,) of which I had conceived some hopes: and fortune favoured me so far, that I obtained a booty of silver fruit-knives, pencil-cases, pocket-books with instruments, &c. which I estimated at four or five guineas. I was so pleased with this success that I returned home, satisfied with my night's gain, and gave up my former design of going to the theatre. My wife was agreeably surprised at my premature return; and, as it was then but seven o'clock, I proposed to her that we should take a walk as far as Blackfriars' bridge, as she had of late been closely confined to the house, and I conceived her health required air and exercise. She immediately assented, and having locked up the house, we proceeded towards the bridge; on arriving at which she would have turned back, but I persuaded her to cross the water, and go as far as the end of Fleet-street. We there entered a liquor-shop, and took some refreshments; and my wife then earnestly pressed me to return, for fear of meeting with some of the officers who might know me; but I now entreated her to walk as far as Clare-market, as I wished to see a young man who had promised to meet me, or to leave a note for me at a certain public-house, which I had sometimes frequented when I lived in that neighbourhood, I had, in fact, intended to call there in my way to or from the theatre, in order to settle a plan for accompanying this person and several others, to a grand fight, which was to have taken place the next day at Moulsey-hurst, between two celebrated pugilists, and at which we expected to reap a plentiful harvest. The going to this house was the maddest act I could possibly have committed, for the Bow-street officers were in the habit of visiting it at all hours; and several of them had seen me there at various times, dressed exactly in the manner described in the hand-bills I have mentioned. My wife, who appears to have had too sure a presentiment of what the consequence would be, used every art to dissuade me from my purpose, but in vain. I assured her that I would not stop five minutes; and that to prevent danger, she herself should first enter the house, and observe whether there were any officers in it, in which event I could but retire without going in, and immediately return home. Finding I was obstinately determined on this rash step, she accompanied me, and, on arriving near the house, I sent her in to make observations. The landlord (who had himself been an old thief,) received her very courteously; and inquiring for me, she privately asked him if there was any danger of the officers coming there? To which he answered in the negative, and assured her I might with safety make my appearance. She accordingly gave me the signal, and I entered the public tap-room, in which I found about twenty no-

torious characters, assembled at different tables, some drinking and smoking, others employed in gambling with cards, &c. The young man above-mentioned had left a short note, which the landlord now put into my hand: in which I was requested to meet him the next morning at a certain time and place, adding that he had engaged a chaise, and that a seat was reserved for me. My wife now again pressed me to return after taking a glass at the bar; but my evil genius prevailed, and I stipulated that I should smoke one pipe of tobacco, and would then willingly retire. I accordingly took a seat, placing my wife between myself and my old acquaintance, George W---k---n, who invited us to join him. I was situated with my back to the door of the room, which opened into a passage leading to the street. I occupied the very end of the seat or bench, which had an elbow, on which I rested my right arm, and there were at the same table three or four other persons besides our party. I had scarcely lighted my pipe when I observed two men (strangers to me) enter the room, and whisper with the landlord; and I thought I perceived the landlord, while answering them, to glance his eye upon me; but I only mention this by-the-by, as I had the fullest conviction of the landlord's integrity, and the strangers had not the least appearance of officers; consequently, the circumstance did not at all alarm me. I had been about half an hour in the house, and was on the point of taking my leave, when I heard the room-door pushed open, and as is natural in such cases, I involuntarily turned my head; when, to my utter confusion and alarm, I perceived two officers enter the room. As I thought it possible I might escape their notice, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and turning my head towards my wife and friend, on my left hand, pretended to be in earnest conversation with them; but how can I express my feelings, when the officers walked immediately up to me, as naturally as if they had been sitting in the company the whole evening; and one of them, looking me full in the face, said, "Mr. Vaux, we want you!" With as much composure as I could assume, I answered that he was mistaken in addressing me, for that was not my name. The fellow replied that he was certainly right, but begged that I would step out with him into the passage, and he would explain himself more fully. I was so weak (or rather so confounded with surprise) as to comply with this request: and I was no sooner in the passage, and the tap-room door closed, than the two ruffians laid hold of me, one on each side, and hurried me away with the greatest impetuosity.

It is said, that, like other great men, Mr. Vaux was betrayed, and Conkey Beau, alias Bill White, is pitched upon as the traitor. Like other great men Mr. Vaux is a fatalist, and reconciles himself to his destiny, with the consoling reflection that it was foredoomed. His trial is not so fortunate as the preceding, and he exclaims against Mr. Gurney, holding a brief given to Mr.

Knapp, for disregarding its instructions, and taking no pains with the chief points of the defence. The criminal is now capitally convicted, and sent double-ironed to the condemned cells in Newgate. The account of these dreadful places and their wretched inmates, is afflictingly curious; we quote parts of it:—

Besides the four men convicted the same day as myself, there were in the cells several others who had been cast for death the preceding session; and, the recorder's report not having yet been made, they still remained under sentence, ignorant of the fate which awaited them, but they were in expectation of its being decided every succeeding levee-day. It is customary to confine two condemned prisoners in each cell, and I was destined to be the companion of a man named Nicholls, his former bed-fellow having suffered about a week previous to my conviction. On the turnkeys, who attended me, opening the door of his cell, the unhappy man (Nicholls) was discovered on his knees, with a book in his hand, and evidently a prey to doubt and terror. My conductors apologized for disturbing him, saying, they had only brought him a companion, and hoped he would find consolation in my society. Poor Nicholls answered in broken accents, "My God! I was a little alarmed,---I heard the keys coming,---I thought it was the report.---What?---do you expect it to night?" The turnkeys replied, that from the lateness of the hour, it was not probable; but begged him to compose himself, and hope for the best. They then relocked the doors, and left us. This unfortunate person had been convicted of selling forged bank-notes, through the treachery of a man, who, to save himself, had given information, and betrayed him by a signal to the police-officers, at the moment of the negotiation taking place. As he was known to have carried on this illegal and dangerous traffic to a great extent in the town of Birmingham, where he resided, the Bank were determined to make an example of him; particularly as he had obstinately refused to save his own life by disclosing, as he could have done, most important information on the subject, so as to lead to the detection of the fabricators. This being the case of Nicholls, he had no hope of mercy being extended to him; and was consequently in hourly dread of the awful fiat which was to seal his doom, and consign him to a shameful and premature death. On being left alone with him, I forgot for a moment my own situation, and feeling for that of my ill-fated companion, whose case I already knew, I exerted myself to console and sooth him; not by raising in him hopes for which I knew there was no foundation, but by exhorting him to look forward to "another and a better world;" to comfort himself with the reflection that his crime (though punished with death on account of its injurious tendency in a commercial country,) was not in a moral sense, or in the eye of God, of so black a nature as to preclude him from the hope of mercy at that awful tribunal "before which

the judges of this world must themselves be tried." By these and the like suggestions, I so far succeeded as to compose him pretty much; and having undressed ourselves, we went to bed. He then requested me to read a few chapters to him, and earnestly asked my opinion on some particular passages in the new Testament, which applied to his situation, and of the real meaning of which he anxiously wished to be resolved. We had read and reasoned on these topics until St. Paul's clock struck ten, and were on the point of composing ourselves to sleep, that "balm of hurt minds," when we were alarmed by the rattling of keys, and the sound of voices. I endeavouring to calm the agitation of Mr. Nicholls, by supposing that another unhappy man had been convicted, and was about to be introduced to the cells; but he declared it must be the report, and fell on his knees before the cell-door. The footsteps approaching, our door was slowly unlocked, and the distressed agony of my companion was now indescribable. Mr. Newman, the jailor, entered as quietly as possible, and taking Nicholls by the hand, while he himself was evidently affected, he said, "Mr. Nicholls,---the report has been made, and---(here he would fain have paused,) I am sorry to inform you it has been unfavourable." Nicholls. "Lord, have mercy on me! God's will be done! I expected it, Mr. Newman,---it is no more than I expected.---When is it,---to suffer, Mr. Newman?" The latter replied. "On Wednesday next." Nicholls. "I could have wished, Mr. Newman, for a little longer time,---I'm not prepared to die,---I have some worldly affairs to settle,---but,---God help me!---I hope for more mercy from him than the gentlemen of the Bank have shown me." Mr. Newman then assuring him of every attention in his power, commended him to my care, and took a tender leave of us both, promising to see Nicholls again in the morning. The reader will easily perceive I had not the prospect of a very agreeable night before me; my own situation was deplorable enough, but the distress of my unfortunate bed-fellow overpowered every other consideration but that of pity and grief for him. I had now my task to go through again, and to enforce all I repeated with greater energy and stronger assurances. At length, exhausted by contending passions, poor Nicholls fell asleep, and I had then recourse to my philosophy for self-consolation.

Nicholls was executed, as was also Vaux's next companion, one Cook; while he was finally reprieved and ordered to be transported for life. Being taken to the Retribution Hulk, at Woolwich, to be shipped for New South Wales, we have the following horrible description of that receptacle:

I had now a new scene of misery to contemplate; and, of all the shocking scenes I had ever beheld, this was the most distressing. There were confined in this floating dungeon nearly six hundred men, most of them doubled-ironed; and the reader may conceive the horrible effects arising from the

continued rattling of chains, the filth and vermin naturally produced by such a crowd of miserable inhabitants, the oaths and execrations constantly heard among them; and above all, from the shocking necessity of associating and communicating more or less with so depraved a set of beings. On arriving on board, we were all immediately stripped, and washed in large tubs of water, then, after putting on each a suit of coarse slop-clothing, we were ironed, and sent below, our own clothes being taken from us, and detained till we could sell or otherwise dispose of them, as no person is exempted from the obligation to wear the ship-dress. On descending the hatch-way, no conception can be formed of the scene which presented itself. I shall not attempt to describe it; but nothing short of a descent to the infernal regions can be at all worthy of a comparison with it. I soon met with many of my old Botany Bay acquaintances, who were all eager to offer me their friendship and services,—that is, with a view to rob me of what little I had; for in this place there is no other motive or subject for ingenuity. All former friendships or connexions are dissolved, and a man here will rob his best benefactor, or even mess-mate, of an article worth one halfpenny. Every morning, at seven o'clock, all the convicts capable of work, or, in fact, all who are capable of getting into the boats, are taken ashore to the Warren, in which the royal arsenal and other public buildings are situated, and are there employed at various kinds of labour, some of them very fatiguing; and while so employed, each gang of sixteen, or twenty men, is watched and directed by a fellow called a guard. These guards are most commonly of the lowest class of human beings; wretches devoid of all feeling; ignorant in the extreme, brutal by nature, and rendered tyrannical and cruel by the consciousness of the power they possess; no others, but such as I have described, would hold the situation, their wages being not more than a day-labourer would earn in London. They invariably carry a large and ponderous stick, with which, without the smallest provocation, they will flog an unfortunate convict to the ground, and frequently repeat their blows long after the poor sufferer is insensible. At noon the working party return on board to dinner, and at one again go on shore, where they labour till near sunset. On returning on board in the evening, all hands are mustered by a roll, and the whole being turned down below, the hatches are put over them, and secured for the night. As to the food, the stipulated ration is very scanty, but of even part of that they are defrauded. Their provisions being supplied by contractors, and not by government, are of the worst kind, such as would not be considered eatable or wholesome elsewhere; and both the weight and measure are always deficient. The allowance of bread is said to be about twenty ounces per day. Three days in the week they have about four ounces of cheese for dinner, and the other four days a pound of beef. The breakfast is invariably boiled barley, of the coarsest kind imaginable; and of this the pigs of the hulk come in for a third part, because it is so nauseous that nothing but downright hunger will enable a man to eat it. For supper, they have, on

banyan days, burgoo, of as good a quality as the barley, and which is similarly disposed of; and on meat days, the water in which the beef is boiled is thickened with barley, and forms a mess called "Smiggins," of a more detestable nature than either of the two former! The reader may conceive that I do not exaggerate, when I state, that among the convicts the common price of these several eatables, is,—for a day's allowance of beef, one halfpenny;—ditto, of cheese, one halfpenny;—ditto, of bread, three-halfpence; but the cheese is most commonly so bad, that they throw it away. It is manufactured, I believe, of skimmed milk for this particular contract. The beef generally consists of old bulls, or cows who have died of age or famine; the least trace of fat is considered a phenomenon, and it is far inferior upon the whole to good horse-flesh. I once saw the prisoners throw the whole day's supply overboard the moment it was hoisted out of the boat, and for this offence they were severely flogged. The friends of these unhappy persons are not allowed to come on board, but must remain alongside during their visit; the prisoners are, it is true, suffered to go into their boat, but a guard is placed within hearing of their conversation, and if a friend or parent has come one hundred miles, they are not allowed above ten minutes' interview; so that instead of consolation, the visit only excites regret at the parties being so suddenly torn asunder. All letters, too, written by prisoners, must be delivered unsealed to the chief mate for his inspection, before they are sent ashore; and such as he thinks obnoxious, are of course suppressed. In like manner, all letters received from the post-office are opened and scrutinized. If I were to attempt a full description of the miseries endured in these ships, I could fill a volume; but I shall sum up all by stating, that besides robbery from each other, which is as common as cursing and swearing, I witnessed among the prisoners themselves, during the twelvemonth I remained with them, one deliberate murder, for which the perpetrator was executed at Maidstone, and one suicide; and that unnatural crimes are openly committed.

After an absence of four years, Mr. Vaux landed for the second time at Sydney Cove, where he seems to have been following up a like course with that on his first transportation. Alternately raised above the common felons by his ability, and degraded by his villainy; promoted, punished, favoured, flogged; either the victim of greater rogues (as he pretends) or of his own depravity, attempting to escape, or forming resolutions of future amendment, we find nothing of new interest in the latter part of the work, but the impressive lesson, that dishonesty and vice carry their own inflictions with them, and that his life is indeed a life of wretchedness which is a life of iniquity.

The first question which we asked ourselves after reading this choice piece of biography was,—is it authentic? and we think, that, after no very slight investigation, we have satisfied ourselves in the affirmative. In one sense we are not sorry for it; for it is a far more clever specimen of the perverse ingenuity of human nature as a real history, than as a work of imagination: inasmuch as it is more difficult personally to enact the villanies which De Foe and Fielding have so well portrayed, than merely to copy their mode of writing upon paper. Simply as an imitation of the first of these authors, these two volumes, however, would possess considerable merit; and the chief doubt that arose in our minds as to their containing matter of fact, occurred from the strong resemblance which they bear to the style of that extraordinary painter of a certain portion of human life. In one respect, indeed, they differ; for a chief artifice by which De Foe often makes himself appear most natural, is the minuteness with which he commences details which are to terminate in nothing; the disappointment in which he sometimes involves his readers by not crowning every particular with an adventure; and by permitting that which seemed to promise in the outset a high degree of interest, to die away of itself, and be merged and forgotten in the general story. We know not how we can exemplify this intentional beauty better, than by pointing out an unintentional defect in a writer, whose object in her catastrophe is to wind up every episodical circumstance which she has introduced in the course of her romance. In one of the scenes in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, Mrs. Radcliffe makes her heroine, for security, place an immensely heavy chest against a secret door into her chamber; this chest is so described as to excite considerable curiosity, but in the grand denouement, much to our mortification, it never reappears. We would rather be acquainted with the contents of this mysterious chest, than hear the omitted story of the third old man, in the *Arabian Nights*, or learn the impenetrable secret of the *Iron Masque*.

Now this is a complaint which we can never make against Mr. Hardy Vaux. Like that little man, our great poet, he cannot even “drink his tea without a stratagem;” and every action of his life, however apparently unimportant, has in the end some bearing upon roguery. We not only pronounce him to be the most accomplished villain on record; but to have been also more *blessed* with professional opportunities, either tossed to him by auspicious fortune, or created by his own superior talent, than Guzman d’Alfarache, Moll Flanders, Jonathan Wild, Major Semple, or any other knight of the post who has been canonized in his vocation at the Debtor’s door, or assisted in the foundation of some future mighty empire in the newly discovered world.*—

We must in conclusion say a few words about the moral effect of this singular book; for if we are to be amused by it at the expense of a good deal of mischief, it had better not have been

* Annexed to the second volume is a ‘Vocabulary of the flash language,’ which is sometimes necessary to elucidate obscure passages in the main work, and is subjoined to it after the manner of an Index Græcitis of the German Commentators. Some of the phrases may amuse our readers:—

“*Blue-pigeon flying*, the practice of stealing lead from houses, churches, or other buildings, very prevalent in London and its vicinity.

Bowled-out, a man who has followed the profession of thieving for some time. When he is ultimately taken, tried, and convicted, is said to be *bowled out*.

Bushy-park, a man who is poor is said to be at *Bushy-park*, (why we are at a loss to determine.)

Cat and kitten rig, the petty game of stealing pewter and pint pots out of public houses.

Christen, to obliterate crests and cyphers from stolen plate, and get new ones engraved, to prevent their being identified, is to *bishop* or *christen* them.

Coach-wheel, a dollar or crown-piece.

Drummond, any scheme or project considered to be infallible; meaning, it is as sure as the credit of that respectable banking house, Drummond and Co.

Finger-smith, a midwife.

Flesh-bag, a shirt.

Jacob, a ladder; as knapping a Jacob from a Danna drag, means stealing (for the purpose of robbery) a ladder from a dust-man’s cart.

Murphy’s countenance, a pig’s face.

Oliver whistles, the moon shines.

The stone-pitcher, Newgate.

Puzzling sticks, the triangles at which culprits are flogged.

Reader-hunters, pocket-book stealers.

Romany, a gipsy; thus to *patter Romany*, is to talk the gipsy slang. (Query, may any insight to the origin of that strange people be obtained from this expression?)

Russian coffee-house, the Brown Bear public house, opposite the office in Bow-street.

Slop-feeder, a tea-spoon.

Sneezer, a snuff-box.”

published. We view it however, in a very different light. It paints in lively colours the progressiveness of vice, from the first stumble to the last fearful precipice; and in every stage may be clearly traced the restless and feverish misery which is its never failing accompaniment. We have no apprehension that it will call forth the latent energies of a single embryo pickpocket, or stimulate the slumbering ingenuity of one aspirant swindler. On the contrary, if administered properly, it may act as a sound and useful corrective for weak principles and perverted inclinations. Whatever might be his success in any of his enterprizes, the terror of detection hovered

over Vaux in all; the reality of it crushed him in many; his profligate enjoyments were in bad taste and short lived; his punishment is completely retributive, and not very likely to terminate soon. On the whole, as we do not believe that the Beggars' Opera or the Robbers, increased the number of English highwaymen or foreign banditti, we feel justified in recommending these volumes as fit companions for some other modern memoirs. They exhibit scarcely less varieties of life than the Sexagenarian, and assuredly have not an atom more of egotism than the Anecdotes of Bishop Watson.—*Brit. Critick.*

FEARON'S SKETCHES OF AMERICA.

[Continued.]

NEW-YORK.

THE street population bears an aspect essentially different from that of London, or large English towns. One striking feature is in the number of blacks, many of whom are finely dressed, the females very ludicrously so, showing a partiality to white muslin dresses, artificial flowers, and pink shoes.

The shops (or stores, as they are called) have nothing in their exterior to recommend them; there is not even an attempt at tasteful display. The linen and woollen drapers (dry-good stores, as they are denominated) have quantities of their goods laid loose on boxes in the street, without any precaution against theft.

There are a great number of excellent private dwellings, built of red painted brick, which gives them a peculiarly neat and clean appearance. In Broadway and Wall-street, trees are planted at the side of the pavement. The city hall is a large and elegant building, in which the courts of law are held. Most of the streets are dirty: in many of them sawyers are preparing wood for sale, and all are infested with pigs,—circumstances which indicate a lax police.

Upon the whole, a walk though New York will disappoint an Englishman: there is, on the surface of society, a

carelessness, a laziness, an unsocial indifference, which freezes the blood and disgusts the judgment. An evening stroll along Broad-way, when the lamps are alight, will please more than one at noon-day. The shops will look rather better, but their proprietors will not greatly please: their cold indifference may be mistaken by themselves for independence, but no person of thought and observation will ever concede to them that they have selected a wise mode of exhibiting that dignified feeling. I disapprove most decidedly of the obsequious servility of the London shop-keepers, but I am not prepared to go the length of those in New York, who stand with their hats on, or sit or lie along their counters, smoking segars, and spitting in every direction, to a degree offensive to any man of decent feelings.

LAWYERS.

Lawyers are as common here as paupers are in England. Indeed, for those friends, I see no kind of opening. *Professional* men literally swarm in the United States. An anecdote is told of a gentleman walking in Broad-way: a friend passing, he called "Doctor," and immediately sixteen persons turned round to answer to the name. This is even more characteristic of lawyers. At almost every private door, cellar, or

boarding-house, a tin-plate is displayed, bearing the inscription "Attorney-at-Law."

The causes which generate so great a number of "legal friends" lie beyond the sources of my penetration. Perhaps, we may date the frequency of litigation to the intricacy of the profession, which is bottomed on English practice; while the cheapness of college instruction, and the general diffusion of moderate wealth among mechanics and tradesmen, enable them to gratify their vanity by giving their sons a learned education. This also opens the door to them for an appointment; and, by the way, the Americans are great place-hunters.

STEAM BOAT.

I took a passage in the steam boat "Chancellor Livingston;" fare $3\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, distance 60 miles, time of departure five o'clock in the evening, of arrival half-past one the following morning. This vessel is, perhaps, equalled by none in the world: she may be denominated, without the charge of exaggeration, a floating palace; her length is 175 feet, and breadth 50, and she is propelled by a steam-engine of 80-horse power; there are beds for 160, and accommodation for 40 more by settees. The ladies have a distinct cabin: they seem cut off from all association or conversation with the gentlemen. On deck there are numerous conveniences, such as baggage rooms, smoking rooms, &c.; on the descent to the cabins are placed

cards of taadesmen and hotels in the chief cities, and also religious tracts, which are chiefly reprints of English Evangelical effusions—affording another instance of the slavish dependence of America upon British writers. The interior of this vessel is extremely splendid. The late period of the day at which we embarked, allowed me but a limited opportunity of viewing the bold and grand scenery of this majestic river. The general occupation was card-playing; one or two had a book in their hands.

BOARDING-HOUSES.

The life of boarders at an American tavern, presents the most senseless and comfortless mode of killing time which I have ever seen. Every house of this description that I have been in, is thronged to excess; and there is not a man who appears to have a single earthly object in view, except spitting and smoking segars. I have not seen a book in the hands of any person since I left Philadelphia. Objectionable as these habits are, they afford a decided evidence of the prosperity of that country, which can admit so large a body of its citizens to waste three-fourths of their lives, and would also appear to hold out encouragement to Englishmen with *English habits* who would retain their industry amid a nation of indolence, and have sufficient firmness to live in America, and yet bid defiance to the deadly example of its natives.

NICE SENSE OF HONOUR.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE BANQUET. IN THREE CANTOS. London 1819.

..... IN the end of the third Canto of this work, is very elegantly related the fatal catastrophe which an over delicate sense of honour brought upon Vatel, the Maitre d'Hotel to the famous Prince of Condé. We extract the story from the lively Letter of Madame de Sevigné to Madame de Grignan, and refer our Readers for further particulars and pathetic reflections to the poem.

"The King arrived on Thursday afternoon; for the evening's refreshment there was a collation laid out in an alcove, strewed with roses and jonquilles—all this was excellent.

"Supper-time came—there were some of the tables where the roasts were wanting, on account of the number of dinners which had been unexpectedly called for; this irregularity hurt poor Vatel, who was heard several times to exclaim—'My honour is tarnished; I

shall never be able to get over this business.' He said afterwards to Gourville—'My brain is absolutely turning; I have had no sleep for these twelve nights; I must beg you to help me in giving the necessary orders.'—Gourville lent him all the assistance in his power. The dishes in question which had been wanting, though not at the King's table, but at the twenty-fifth from it, seemed to haunt his imagination.

"Gourville mentioned it to the Prince—the Prince went himself to Vatel's room, and said to him in the kindest manner, 'Vatel, every thing has been done in the first style; nothing could be better arranged than the King's supper.' He answered 'Your Highness's condescension overpowers me; I know that two tables were neglected.' 'Not in the least,' returned the Prince; 'make yourself perfectly easy; all was exactly as it ought to be.' Midnight came; the fireworks did not succeed; an envious cloud destroyed all their effect. They cost 16,000 francs. At four o'clock, Vatel, already on the alert, finds the rest of the household buried in sleep. He meets a purveyor who brings him a very scanty supply of sea fish. 'Is this all?' asks Vatel, alarmed. 'Yes, Sir,' answered the man, not knowing that messengers had been dispatched to put all the sea ports in requisition. Vatel waited, however, a considerable time—no sign of the other purveyors—distracted and bewildered, his imagination represented to him it was in vain to expect any further supplies in time: he went to Gourville, and said to him: 'My dear friend, I never can survive this disgrace.' Gourville smiled at him. Vatel goes immediately to his chamber, and shutting himself in, fixes his sword against the door; twice he rushes on the point ineffectually, but the third time he falls dead. In the mean time the fish arrive from all quarters—the servants hunt up and down for Vatel—they call him on every side—they run to his room—they knock—no answer—at last the door is burst open, and he is found weltering in his blood. The Prince was immediately informed of the catastrophe, and

was much shocked: the Duke was greatly affected, even to tears. Vatel had been his right-hand man in the Burgundy expedition.

"The Prince related the melancholy event to the King; it was said that it evinced a nice sense of honour in his way. He was much commended: his courage was praised and blamed at the same time."

It chanced—for dates see Madame Sevigne,—
That great Prince general—the great Conde,
In his great castle, in his greater park,
Gave a carousal to the Grand Monarque.
'Twas in the spacious Chateau of Chantilly,
Where all his ancestors had lived genteelly;
There Nature, though she well sustain'd her part,
Still saw herself excell'd by cost and art—
Conviviality and Splendour reigned:
No Monarch e'er was better entertained.

The gay interior most superbly fitted,
Was to Vatel, Maitre d'Hotel,—committed.
A faithful creature, long in the employ
Of him who beat the Spaniards at Rocroi.
Trusty domestic, all he plann'd with care!
But the true Conde genius—was not there.
Embarrass'd and distracted with the weight
Of this great day, it was proclaimed too late,
That two long tables yet reclaim'd their roast:—
Alas!—one only could be found at most!

"Wretch that I am!"—in agony he cried,
While both his arms hung lifeless by his side,
His eyes in stupor fix'd upon the ground,
And scarce his sobbing throat an utterance found;
"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed he to Gourville,
"What shuddering horrors all my bosom fill!
"All, all is lost; my honour is betrayed;
"A roast was missing;—all my glories fade!
"This day hath seen my Sun of fame descend,
"My laurels wither, and my prospects end!
"Can aught the opprobrium of this stain efface?—
"My Lord's dishonour and my art's disgrace!
"What court again shall in my care confide?
"What Sovereign trust repose?" he said, and sigh'd.

The Prince was soon acquainted with the whole,
And came himself the sufferer to console:
"Vatel!" most condescendingly he said,
With inclination of his gracious head;
"Vatel! Vatel! be comforted, my friend:
"Could any thing your royal fete transcend?
"By all consider'd a most sumptuous thing;—
"It met the approbation of the King.—
"Your honour's safe; these tears you might have
spared;

"Think not my confidence can be impaired.
"Forget the roast, far better to have none,
"Than thus to see things so much overdone."
"My Prince! this goodness how can I repay?
"My life and service at your feet I lay!"
Not long endures the respite and relief:
Too soon the victim of a heavier grief!
Who the next day so miserable as he!
At twelve—at two...no tidings from the sea!
No post, no messenger, no caravan;
Was ever so unfortunate a man?

One hour to dinner...nothing will arrive :
 His spirits sink...he never can survive.
 No sturgeon, turbot, and no salmon jole,
 To set before the King !...no not a sole.
 No golden gurnets and no silver eels ;
 'Twere better to be flayed himself he feels !
 In vain he draws his vision out, and hope,
 With achromatic lens and telescope...
 His hopes, alas ! are vanish'd like a vision ;
 And all he sees...dishonour and derision.
 In vain, disconsolate he raves, he roars,
 Louder than Neptune on the Atlantic shores ;
 He frets, he fumes, and with exhausted breath
 Demands of fate...his dories...or his Death...
 For fish to speak...that fashion now no more is,
 Death only hears, and death too near *his door is*.
 The winds that rent his sails, dispersed his prayer,
 And scatter'd round the frothy words in air.
 Three times against his agitated breast
 By his own hand the shining steel was press'd ;
 But thrice the *faithful, faithless* steel refused
 To see its blade by erring hands misused :...
 The fourth...the treasonable *arm* prevailed,
 And the stern heart that guided it assailed ;

From the deep wound the *crimson currents* roll :
 But grief's *black tide* it is o'erwhelms his soul.
 Ah ! melancholy, rash precipitation !
 One moment more had been his preservation :...
 Just as his foot in Charon's *bark* he sets,
 Arrives the produce of his *boats and nets*.
 Hoarse grind the wheels, loud sounds the noisy throng
 Tumultuous to the gates the menials throng :
 They call Vatel. Ah !...no Vatel appears !...
 Nor welcome word, nor whip, nor wheel he hears !
 They seek, vociferate, they find him...dead ;
 Unfeeling Atropos *had cut the thread* :...
 On the cold ground, unconscious of their cries,
 Mute as his fish...as motionless he lies !

We have derived considerable amusement from the perusal of the poem, and in our opinion, it is throughout perfectly moral, frequently interesting and instructive, and will, no doubt, prove generally acceptable to its readers.

MRS. BRUNTON.

From (Constable's) Edinburgh Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE MRS. BRUNTON, AUTHOR OF SELF-CONTROL AND DISCIPLINE.*

"THE age of Chivalry is gone," but we think it very questionable, notwithstanding the bold assertion of Burke, whether "the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." No, that glory was never brighter nor ever radiated with such immaculate splendour in any of the recorded periods of the world's history, as it has done since the orator announced its irrevocable vanishment. Which of the celebrated by-gone ages of literary attainment, that, like the quiet stars in a tempestuous sky, beam so calm and beautiful from the page of the historian, amidst the clang of political tumult, and the bloodshed of war, and bring to our feelings a refreshment so balmy after they have been harrowed up by the long muster-roll of the crimes of mankind,—a repose so sweet, after we have fatiguingly marched amidst the horrors of lawless

anarchy, and the butcheries of tyrannic rule ;—which, we say, of those boasted periods of literature, the Periclesian, the Augustan, or that of Leo the Tenth, Louis XIV. Queen Elizabeth, or Queen Anne, can produce so countless a phalanx of illustrious women as we have to set in array for the admiration and example of posterity ? That our age is so unexampled in female talent, we think is clearly traceable to the spirit of chivalry, which, in its effects at least, has *not* gone by ; and we trust that it will long continue to have an abiding influence in fostering female talents, accomplishments, and worth. The names are few, indeed, which have come down to us of literary women, and even they are but feeble spirits when placed beside those of our own age. Sappho stands almost alone among the classic writers of Greece, and her two little songs which remain to us are certainly exquisite productions, though we think they have been matched, if not surpassed, by more than one British minstrel. But even the sublime praise of Longinus echoed and re-echoed from critic to critic, will never place Sappho on a level with the De Staels of the nineteenth century. We cannot at present stop to talk of Anna Comnena, and a few

* Mrs. Brunton's maiden name was Mary Balfour. She was the daughter of Colonel Balfour of Clifdale, Orkney, and was married to the Reverend Dr. Brunton, one of the ministers of the Tron Church, and Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh.

other female names, which spot the wilderness of history like the scattered palm-trees of the desert ;—we must hasten to a period of more recent interest, and to the lady whose lamented death has led us to think of the illustrious women “honoured by the nations,” who have gone before her.

Mrs. Brunton belongs to a class of females in a great measure peculiar to our own times. Sappho and Eloisa were distinguished for their genius in delineating the workings of the heart ; Lady Jane Gray and Madame Dacier for their extensive learning ; but the talents of those distinguished women evaporated in display, and in administering to the taste of the age they lived in. Our lamented country-woman, and her famed contemporaries, Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Hamilton, have not so much conformed to the taste of the age, as created for themselves, by the mere force of their genius, an appetite for moral and religious truths among readers to whom these were formerly a mockery and a scorn ; and we cannot withhold from them the loftiest praise we can bestow, nor can we refuse to place them in the highest order of those who have added to the happiness of the human race, by fostering the spirit of virtue, and reforming the vicious in the only way likely to be successful—stripping lawless pleasures of their unreal seeming, and depicting all the varying shades of criminality in their naked and undisguised ugliness. Works of fiction, whose influence on the public mind must be powerful, from their almost unbounded circulation, had, with a few wandering exceptions, become the vehicles of every sort of mental poison ; and licentiousness and infidelity were served up under a gorgeous and glittering array of imagery, and interesting narration, to fascinate the young heart, and draw it with syren spell from the rectitude of innocence. In vain did the careful father warn his daughters of their peril, if they indulged in novel-reading ; the anxious mother watched in vain to detect and destroy the prohibited volumes ; nor were the vituperations daily thundered from the

press and the pulpit, in well-meaning uprightness of heart, of more avail. In spite of every exertion, the demand for novels increased so rapidly, that the diseased taste begotten and pampered by their perusal seemed to be fast becoming incurable.

The illustrious female writers, among whom our authoress holds a distinguished place, struck upon the only plan which, in the hopeless circumstances of the case, could be successful. They perceived it vain to preach and declaim against the evil, and resolved to attack it with all the witchery of genius that they could command, on the very ground in which it seemed so secure from assault. They have been successful—and have performed for the novel-readers of the day a similar disfranchisement from the control of disordered fancy and excited passions, as Cervantes did for the readers of the extravagant romances of chivalry. Their manner of doing this has been different, indeed, from his, but it has not, we believe, been less efficient ; and, to the credit of female thinking, which is so untruly characterized by writers as light and frivolous, the views they have gone upon are founded on a deep and clear perception of human nature, and the means adopted to influence and correct its aberrations. They went, as Mrs. Brunton herself expresses it, on high authority in using fable as the vehicle of truth, for, not to mention the sublime allegories employed by some of the sacred writers, even the Saviour did not disdain to employ parabolic narrative for embodying his instructions.

We cannot, in a short paper like this, enter at greater length into these general views ; but we mean to take an early opportunity of resuming the subject in a separate article, where we shall advert to the share which has been taken in these important labours by Mrs. Hannah More, Miss Taylor of Ongar, and others of inferior name. We think that Mrs. Brunton's genius is much superior to either of those two ladies we have just named. She manifests, like them, an unsleeping vigilance in turning every incident of her narrative so as to make

it bear on moral or religious feeling; but we think her conception richer, her range of fancy more extensive, her style more vigorous, and her principles less rigid and forbidding. The latter we think one of the greatest excellencies of *Self-Control* and *Discipline*. Religion, in them, is seldom brought directly and nakedly on our view. We are left to discover the operation of its principles in the conduct of the characters, more than in their language. In no part of her writings do we recollect any thing which could be stigmatized as religious cant,—the most disgusting garb that vanity or hypocrisy can assume. The chaste and dignified tone of religious feeling, indeed, which characterizes her, is as foreign to the sickening whine of the Tabernacle, as to the demure and mysterious aspect of the rigid and over-righteous Puritan. To guard against these, every author who joins this illustrious school should be most watchful, as any tinge of this unpalatable leaven will infallibly defeat and neutralize every other means of influence attempted on the hearts of the most numerous class of readers, who will take instant alarm, and shut a book, never to re-open it, the moment they are assailed by any thing in the shape of technical divinity.

There is one point of view in which Mrs. Brunton stands very superior to Hannah More and Miss Taylor; she never, so far as we recollect, talks of religion as a thing which ought to engross all our time and attention exclusively. They would make it the only business in life, the sole employment of our thoughts and actions daily and hourly; they would have us look on all around us as things with which we have nothing to do but to despise, while we steadily direct every thought and every action to the world which is to come. Now, all this may sound very well from the pulpit; and the preacher may tell us authoritatively, that, unless we carry our Christianity constantly about with us, and make it the leading portion of all our thoughts, we must be content to rank with the reprobate and profane; and the Metho-

distical novelists may take up the theme, and exhibit characters who never open their mouths but in biblical phrase and sectarian jargon; yet we are quite certain, that such principles of exclusive thinking are utterly impracticable by the present race of men, not excepting even their strongest advocates themselves; nay, that they are principles altogether opposite to those which characterize Christianity as taught in the Bible,—a wild perversion and absurd caricature of what was inculcated by the holy Apostles. Such preposterous doctrine is only fit to be ranked with the pitiable practices of the Popish Monastics, one of whose farces was to keep *literally* to the injunction, "Pray without ceasing," by establishing a relay of monks to relieve one another in a perpetuated, forced, and dull routine of formal praying. Our author understood Christianity better than to fall into so foolish a deviation from its genuine spirit. She showed in her own character the beautiful effect of religious principle in modifying every thought and action, without the disgusting obtrusiveness of cant and pretended abstraction from the concerns of the world; and what she was herself, she has made prominent in her writings.

It is to this circumstance, as much as any other, that we are to trace the extensive popularity of *Self-Control* and *Discipline*, which, we are certain, have been read by hundreds who would have thrown aside *Cœlebs* and *Display* as quite unreadable. It is in this that Mrs. Brunton coincides in purpose and in plan with Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Hamilton,—that places her novels among the *Popular Tales* and by the side of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*. In all of those we are instructed and made better by irresistible example, without the exhibition of technical maxims or formal morality being impertinently thrust in our way, while we are merely seeking for amusement.

We are no advocates, indeed, for the modern practice of turning schools into toy-shops, and smoothing away all the difficulties of education by

amusement and mechanism; such are only fit to gull half-educated and upstart shop-keepers, who think that their offspring must become accomplished if they pay profusely for a countless train of teachers, and patronize every new short-cut to learning. But, while we strongly deprecate the making of instruction an amusement, we as strongly recommend the making of all amusements, as far as possible, instructive, or at least harmless. To accomplish this successfully requires powers of no ordinary cast, as there is evidently something incompatible in the combination, and we are very apt to be jealous of the attempts made upon us to administer drugs in the shape of sugar-plums. In this very difficult task, however, Mrs. Brunton has succeeded to admiration. She does amuse us and interest us by her strong and lively pictures. She leads us on from incident to incident with increasing eagerness. We float unthinkingly and delighted along the tide of her narrative, mingling with the groups she embodies, and partaking of the distresses and sympathies of her characters, without ever thinking of the end she aims at,—the impressing on the mind the beauty of religion, the undeviating rectitude of a spirit truly Christian, and the consolation and support which, in the hour of distress, is never distant from the upright in heart. Yet, when we reach the conclusion of her histories, and look back on the scenes which her imagination spread in such fresh and lovely colouring before us, we feel that it was the all-pervading principle of religion which breathed a charm over all, which was the only refuge to her heroines in difficulty and distress; and we are forcibly and uncontrollably impelled with the desire to go and do likewise. We would not, indeed, envy the person who could rise from the perusal of her tales without a warmer glow of religious feeling, a firmer purpose of upright conduct, a more expanded benevolence of heart, and a more marked revolting at vice and crime. We think we cannot be accused of vanity when we say, that such is the effect produced on our own minds; we feel more religious and more moral

at every fresh perusal; but her's is a religion untinged with any thing gloomy or disgusting. It is a pure and refreshing balm which is free from every root of bitterness; a sweet air of music wafted from heaven, with which nothing earthly mingles, and which never jars on the feelings, but comes fraught with soothing and consolation to every heart.

In all this Mrs. Brunton made a faithful portraiture of her own mind and heart. She was deeply imbued with Christian principles and Christian feelings; and they were pure, genuine, and fresh drawn from the well-spring of life. Religion in her produced, what it should always produce, a lively cheerfulness which no worldly concern could extinguish, even when the chill of misfortune came upon her. It produced a deep sympathy for the distresses of suffering humanity, the main-spring of that active benevolence which she so unwearily exercised. And we think it also produced much of that vigour of mind which is so conspicuous in her works, and was no less conspicuous in her intercourse with the numerous circles of which she was the ornament and the delight. She was not one of those writers whose characters are so markedly opposed to their works; who try to draw pictures of virtue which they themselves never possessed, and feelings which they never shewed nor could shew in their own practice. She drew her pictures from nature, and they have much of the sweetness of the original. She inculcates no precept which she had not herself proved and practised. She did not, like Seneca, moralize on the utility of bearing pain and privation, while she herself was indulging in the luxurious gratification of sensuality. She carefully sought for the suffering and the wretched, and gave them all the consolation which religious charity can bestow; and the pictures of distress which she has so vividly and feelingly drawn are copied with fidelity from those with which her charitable principles brought her in contact.

In a course of active inquiry, to which her desire to promote charitable institutions led her, she unavoidably

became acquainted with many instances of unprincipled crime; but if she fails at all in the truth of her delineations, it is in depicting the schemes of villany. Some of these have an air of improbability, which, to readers of less lively fancy, may destroy the charm which her fictions would otherwise wear. We think that the wild expedition to America in *Self-Control* fully authorizes our remark. The whole character, indeed, of Hargrave is rather an overcharged picture of a domineering and licentious passion. Lord Frederick de Burgh in *Discipline* is more true to nature. Of her heroines we greatly prefer Louisa Montreville to Miss Percy, though there is certainly a family likeness between them, which it is pleasant to trace in an author's work, when not too closely drawn.

In conclusion, we beg leave to rank among the admirers of Mrs. Brunton; and we regret that she did not live to

gratify the world with another display of her admired powers, in the completion of a tale which she is understood to have left unfinished. But with all our admiration for her character, and notwithstanding the pleasure which we have derived from her works, we doubt that they are scarcely such as will survive the present age. We admire them unfeignedly, but we think them much inferior to the tales of Miss Edgeworth, or to the Cottagers of Glenburnie. Had *Waverly* and *Rob Roy* never appeared, the picture of Highland manners in *Discipline* might have kept it afloat; but in interest it is certainly inferior to *Self-Control*. Neither of them shews much originality either of plot or incident; but the interweaving of engaging narrative, with a display of the effects of religious principle, will make them long regarded as among the best books of amusement which can be put into the hands of the young. E. E.

VARIETIES.

SCRIPTURE PUNCTUATION.

To the Editor of the European Magazine,

SIR,

I AM anxious, through the medium of your extensively circulated Magazine to point out an error in the punctuation and emphasis of the two following passages of scripture, which occur in the service for Passion week.

The first is to be found in the Gospel for Thursday in Passion week, Luke xxiii. 32.

"And there were also two other malefactors led with him to be put to death."

Which, as it now stands, seems to imply that the holy Jesus was himself a malefactor. This difficulty is, however, easily obviated, by introducing a short pause after the word "other" thus,

"There were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death."

The second is part of the 37th verse of the 18th chapter of St. John, which is the 2d lesson appointed for Good Friday:—

"Pilate asked him therefore, art thou a King then? Jesus answered, thou sayest that I am a King."

Now from the stress being laid on the word "sayest," which is almost invariably done, one might suppose that Pilate had asserted our Saviour's right to the title of King, instead of having questioned him whether the fact were so. The real meaning of the reply given by our Blessed Lord is evidently this:

"Thou sayest *that* I am; a King."

Yours, &c.

A LAYMAN.

March 22, 1819.

* Or *what* I am.

THE QUEEN.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1819.

MR. URBAN,

Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart. on seconding the Address of Condolence to the Prince Regent, at the late Somerset County Meeting, at Wells, expatiated at some length upon the exemplary virtues of her late Majesty, and particularly in reference to her extended charities. He was more strongly impelled to this act of justice, because he scrupled not to admit, that at one period of his life, when he had fewer advantages of authentic information, he had himself in some degree partaken of an erroneous opinion, which had been but too prevalent, respecting that estimable part of her Majesty's character, which at the present hour was universally recognized. But (as he observed) the growth and progress of error were inseparable from the imperfection of our nature, although its influence was not always reproachful to the understanding or the heart. However, he would beg permission to advert to a very recent and pointed testimony, derived from the best authority: "The charities of the Queen (Sir John H. reading a letter, which was understood to have been communicated to him by General Taylor, treasurer to her late Majesty) have been most extensive, although wholly free from ostentation. I do not believe that, during the whole course of her residence in this country, the close of the year has produced a pecuniary balance in her Majesty's favour; and there is actually a debt which must be provided for out of the sale of personals. Indeed, I am convinced,

that the loss of her Majesty, as a kind benefactress, and a supporter of objects deserving of her bounty, will unfortunately be best appreciated by the distress of numbers who looked up to her for every resource. There is in Bedfordshire one charity, to which alone her Majesty has paid annually 500*l.* for more than 50 years." Such is the grateful testimony drawn from the most authentic source. To a single charitable institution, a sum exceeding 25,000*l.* has been devoted by her Majesty's beneficence. The Royal jewels, the appropriate decoration and appendage of the Queen's exalted station, constitute the only fund from which the debt of about 9000*l.* incurred by her extended charities is to be liquidated.

VERUS.

LAPLAND SERMONS.

The church was crowded, and even the gallery full : many of the wild nomade Laplanders being present in their strange dresses. The sermon was extemporaneous harangue, but delivered in a tone so elevated, that the worthy pastor seemed to labour as if he would burst a blood-vessel. He continued exerting his lungs in this manner for one hour and twenty minutes, as if his audience had been stationed at the top of a distant mountain. Afterwards, he was so hoarse, he could hardly articulate another syllable. One would have thought it impossible to doze during a discourse that made our ears ring ; yet some of the Lapps were fast asleep ; and would have *snoored*, but that a sexton, habited like themselves, walked about with a long and stout pole, with which he continued to strike the floor ; and if this did not rouse them, he drove it forcibly against their ribs, or suffered it to fall with all its weight upon their skulls. (Clarke's Travels, Sect. III. Part I. just published.)

SAFFRON SUPPOSED TO PREVENT SEA SICKNESS.

M. Cadet, who spent part of the summer of 1817 in London, mentions that when he crossed the channel from Calais to Dover, he observed an English gentleman with a bag of Saffron suspended over his stomach. On enquiring the reason, he was told by the gentleman that it was a practice which he always followed when crossing the channel, because it preserved him from sea sickness. The remedy was found out, he said, in the following way. A

small merchant, who had occasion to make frequent voyages, was always tormented with sea sickness when on ship-board. One day he embarked, after purchasing a pound of saffron, which he put under his shirt in order to avoid paying duty for it. He escaped without experiencing any sea sickness, though the sea was rough. Ascribing this lucky escape to the saffron, he communicated his discovery to several of his friends, who made repeated trials of the remedy, and always with success.—*Pan.*

FISH VS. WASHERMAN.

The following singular circumstance occurred a few months since at Garden Reach, near Calcutta. A washerman engaged in his occupation on the edge of a tank, was immersing a piece of cloth which he held in his hand in the water, when a large fish sprang forward, seized the cloth and the man's arm in his mouth, and was triumphantly swimming off with his prey. Fortunately, however, a person close by at the time caught hold of the washerman's quivering leg, and dragged both man and fish on shore ! The animal was immediately taken to the Police Thana to be exhibited ! It weighed a maund and a half, and was about six feet in length, of the species commonly called Sowlee. The washerman's arm was considerably lacerated.—*Ibid.*

MANURE.

In a letter of Mr. Dinsdale to the editor of the *Annals of Philosophy*, we find a complaint of the ill management of manure by the majority of farmers, which is at once very just and of very old standing. They collect their manure of all descriptions in a corner of the yard, where they suffer it to remain uncovered, and the liquid and most valuable part to be drained away, and to emit exhalations, which however they might benefit the soil, are extremely insalubrious to themselves and their cattle. They even suffer dung to be carted on the land in a raw and unfermented state, there to lie in small heaps, until entirely exhausted of its goodness by the sun and wind. Instead of this un-

profitable practice, they are advised, as they have so long and often been before to pay more attention to the fermentative process on their dunghills, to stir them more frequently, and to keep them covered that they may not suffer exhaustion by the air. Sods or sward are recommended as the best covering. Dung treated on the superior manner, Mr. D. warrants will prove more powerfully contributory to vegetation, than all the boasted powers of *muriate of soda* (common salt.) The Chinese farmers (undoubted economists in some respects, and arrant bunglers in others) keep their dung in vats or deep trenches well lined, in a constantly liquid state, to obtain which, if they have not sufficient urine, they substitute water. They steep the whole of their seed corn in liquid manure, in order to promote its fecundity, sometimes adding to the steep *nitrate of potass*.

QUERE FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

"It may be thought a foolish question, Sir, but I should be glad to know why it is that striking an Eel upon the tail destroys its life more readily than striking it on the head?"—*Lit. Gaz.*

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

PAPER FROM SEA-WEED.—A Patent for five years has been granted in Denmark to the inventor of a new mode of making paper, namely, of sea-weed. This paper is said to be whiter and stronger than other paper, and at the same time cheaper.

Egyptian Head of Memnon at the British Museum.—The Head of Memnon, sent to England by Mr. Salt, has been placed, most judiciously as to light, on a pedestal in the Egyptian Room in the British Museum, under the able direction of Mr. Combe. We congratulate the public on this valuable acquisition, which may perhaps be considered as the most perfect specimen of Egyptian art in the world. On entering the room the immensity of the Head has its full effect on the spectator, when seen in the same view with the famous figure of the Discobolus, which is the size of life, and stands at a short distance from it. From the proportion of the features it may be concluded that the figure, when perfect, was about 20 feet in height. The Head has suffered a loss of part of the right side of its skull, yet the features are all entire. They are truly beautiful, partaking more of the Grecian than of the Egyptian character; and are as sharp and perfect as when they were left by the chisel. Altho' the Head represents a young person, yet it has a long beard. The back part of the Figure is charged with hieroglyphicks, from which Dr. Young

is of opinion, that it represents a young Memnon. The mouth is closed: it therefore cannot be the celebrated Head of Memnon that was said to utter sound. The Figure has a singularly beautiful appearance, from the particular colour of the strata; the whole of the Head being of a reddish, and the lower part of the greyish granite.

Near this Head is placed the enormous Fist, noticed by Mr. Flaxman in one of his Lectures at the Royal Academy, who has observed, that if there had been a figure of which this Fist had formed a part, it must have been at least 60 feet in height.

La Place.—The celebrated La Place has just published some important geological inferences in regard to the formation of the earth. He seems now inclined to the Neptunian system, although formerly rather a Plutonist.

New Fire Theory of the Earth.—The Italian geologist Breislac, a great volcanist and active investigator of volcanic countries, has just published a work in which he proposes a new igneous theory of the earth, and rejects the fire system of Hutton as absurd.

A letter from Stockholm, says, Sweden's iron-mines are inexhaustible, and according to the researches ordered by the Government last year, they increase in number and productiveness the nearer we approach to the Polar regions. At this period of hypothesis, respecting the northern regions and their polarity, &c. this geological fact may be thought curious.

STATISTICS OF EUROPE.—The present population of Europe amounts to 177,221,600 persons, scattered over 154,450 geographic square miles. This population, considered in an ethnographic point of view, comprehends 53,195,000 Teutonians or Germans, 60,586,400 descendants of the Romans, 45,120,000 Slavonians, 3,718,000 Caledonians, 3,499,500 Tartars and Bulgarians, 3,070,000 Maggarians, 2,022,000 Greeks, 1,760,000 Finlanders, 1,610,000 Cimmerians, 622,000 Basques, 313,600 Guistes, 294,000 Arnauts, 131,600 Armenians, 88,000 Maltese, &c.—There are 1,179,500 Jews, 3,607,500 Mahometans, and 172,432,500 Christians, of whom there are 98,229,000 Catholics, and 41,898,500 Protestants. Europe is divided politically into 78 Sovereign states, nominally independent. Their aggregate forces in peace, are 1,600,000; and on the war establishment, 3,600,000. Their maritime forces consist of 409 ships of the line, 33 ships of 50 guns, 348 frigates, 1,563 vessels of an inferior class.—*Paris Paper.*

ANECDOTE OF ABBAS MIRZA,

Crown Prince of Persia.

Abbas Mirza, Crown Prince of Persia, is one of the most remarkable men of our times. He was born in the year 1782, and every body expects great changes when he ascends his father's throne. His intercourse with learned Europeans; his speaking the English and French languages very fluently; his introduction of the European military system and discipline, and forming on

that system a body of about 10,000 infantry, and a considerable corps of artillery; and other measures, display a mind of no common order. Abbas Mirza is not a mere soldier, but his finer qualities render him still more worthy of the throne. Moritz Von Kotzebue relates the following honourable anecdote of him:—"The Russian Ambassador," says he, "perceived in the garden belonging to the Prince, a projecting corner of an old wall, which made a very ugly contrast with the rest, and disfigured the prospect. He asked Abbas Mirza why he did not have it

pulled down." "Only think," replied the Prince, "I have bought this garden from several proprietors in order to make something magnificent; the proprietor of the place where the wall projects, is an old peasant, the only person who positively refused to sell me his piece of land, as he would not part with it for any price, it being an old family possession. I must confess it is very vexatious, but, notwithstanding, I honour him for his attachment to his forefathers, and still more for his boldness in refusing it me. But I will wait till an heir of his shall be more reasonable!"

POETRY.

From the London Magazines, 1819.

THE BROKEN RUDDER.

A BROKEN rudder drifted o'er,
Had found its place upon the sand,
From where the vessel, now no more,
Was wrecked upon a foreign strand!

Fancy may rouse her busy train,
And paint the storm in horrid view;
Of the sad widow's fate complain,
As well as mourn the hapless crew!
So oft is told this tale of woe,
So oft the danger of the seas,
That if the tears of pity flow,
They're scattered by the lightest breeze!

But *who* observes the broken state,
Of what was once the vessel's guide,
Must think too on the wretched fate,
To which *humanity's* allied!

Unseen in all the pompous course
Of the proud galley's prosperous sail,
Is the small *helm* that lends its force
In adverse or in friendly gale!

And mark too in this rudder's lot,
That lies unown'd, unheeded by,
The fate of services forgot,
And wasted in their rich supply!

Here we may trace the fallen power
Of him who propp'd the tottering state;
Till in an unpropitious hour,
He saw in frowns the monarch's hate!

The broken warrior here we view,
With years and wounds and scars alone;
Bereft of all for service due,
The bright his day of glory shone!

Or, bent with years, the hoary sage,
In penury may reach the tomb,
Whose precepts in life's early stage,
Dispell'd the mist of error's gloom!

In every state of life we trace
Some broken relic in decay,
Though gifted once with every grace,
Now useless, scattered, thrown away!

DEATH.

DEATH...is what?
It is a minister of woe
To man below...

To bring his pride to nought...
A rein to check the bold career
Of those who neither love nor fear
That God they little think so near...
To stop...their hand...
And give their substance and their land
With all beneath their proud command,
To friend or foe,
When they're laid low.
Dead and forgot!...

Death is what?
A welcome friend,
Whom God doth send
Man's griefs to end...
Rude seems his blow
In outward show,
Yet often sent
Ills to prevent,
And shield the Good Man in his tomb
From bitter foes
And countless woes
To come!...

Death is what?
Death is gain...a rich reward
To him that dieth in the Lord!
In Faith and Hope and Love.
Loos'd from his prison-house of clay,
Death sends him on his joyful way,
To meet the dawn of Endless Day
In realms...Above!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVII.

A FAR by Babel's alien stream,
We captive Hebrews doleful sate,
Weeping in memory's vivid dream,
O'er ruin'd Judah's cruel fate.

Our long-forsaken harps unstrung,
All silent on the willows hung ;
No more their holy raptures glow,
Unsuited to our country's woe.

Yet there they mock our mute despair ;
Our ruthless foes insulting cry,
" Again your sleeping harps prepare,
Let Hebrew hymns re-echo high."

By holy Salem's ruin'd towers,
By lofty Zion's ravaged bowers,
How can we sing,—how can we play,—
From Judah's mountains far away ?

O, holy land of mighty sires,
Thy joy, thy grief, be ever mine !
Though sunk beneath avenging fires,
Thy castled towers and fane divine,
Perish my cunning art of song,
And death's dark slumber chain my tongue,
Ere faithless to my infant love,
From thee my thoughts one moment rove !

While in the dust we sadly weep
O'er Babel's hate, o'er Judah's woes,
Thou Sword of Vengeance, cease to sleep !
Wave all thy terrors o'er her foes.

And oh ! upon that fatal day,
When Salem's glory fell a prey,
Remember Edom's savage joy.—
Remember how she cried " Destroy !"

E'en now, proud foe ! Jehovah's wrath
O'ershades thy glory with dismay ;
Lo, sounding on their distant path,
The Avenger's wheels rush to their prey !
Bless'd be the hour ! thrice bless'd the arm,
That shakes thy turrets with alarm !
And bids destruction's tiger brood
Bedew thy streets with infant blood ! S.

TO HER WHO DESERVES IT.

ADDRESSED AND INSCRIBED TO MISS
V*****.†

" No envy mingles with my praise,
Though could my heart repine
At any Poet's happier lays,
It would,—it must at thine !"

COWPER.

ROUND the cloud-kissing margin of Helicon's
spring,

To the lute of Apollo the Graces were dancing ;
But the Muses had quarrell'd, and now to their King
To beg his decision, their steps were advancing.
Yet deem not, that their's was that contest of hate,
Which sours with its passions all mortal debate ;—
No !—Harmony e'en from their discord arose,
And when friends thus dispute, they can never be foes.
—But now for the cause,—To a daughter of earth,
Whom Science, and Poetry, blest at her birth,
The Sisters had given so much of their art,

[† See the writings of this lady in the *Atheneum*, under the various titles of *Legends of Lampidosa*, *Lawyer's Port-Folio*, *Relics of Popular Superstitions*, &c. ; with many poetical effusions under the signature of " V."]

And so much with their *protégée's* skill were delighted ;

That, while *each* wish'd to rule unrestrain'd in her heart,

They *all* were averse to sway o'er it united.

Cried *Thalia*,—" She's mine !...every trace of her pen
Has shewn it already,—will prove it again,—
Lampidosa's wild Legends, all genius, are glowing
With wit, like our *Helicon's* rill ever flowing ;
Not dismal, and sad, like a *Melo-drame*, darkling !
But lively and bright, with *my* gaiety sparkling,—
While *Humanity's pleasures* proclaim in each line,
That their Authoress *must* be a pupil of mine !

With an air somewhat proud,—like a goddess when
vest,—

Stern *Melpomene* spoke, and her claim advanced next ;
To her Sister she said,—“ Flirting trifler ! away,—

Shall the mind which I've form'd for all hearts to
admire ;

Yield its powers to the fancies of *thy* fickle sway,
And be ruled by the whims of the laughing *Thalia* ?

Forbid it, those feelings inspired by her lay,
When the *Rosebud of Britain* had faded away !

When the *Bride's Dirge* of death round the *Green*
Island floated,

And its voice o'er the *Silver Sea*—*woe* had denoted !
Like my Byron she thrills every nerve of the soul,

Terror, pity, and love, own *her* magic control,
And spell-bound by *me*, with dark Tragedy's zone,

The strains of fair Anna, are strains of my own !"

'Twould be useless to tell, all the *con's* and the *pro's*
And the pleadings,—which long before *Phæbus*
arose,

How *Clio*,—*Euterpe*,—*Calliope*,—join'd

To establish *their* claims to the realm of her mind,

Till, at length, said *Apollo*,—" Let jarring no more,

Be heard from those lips, which all music should
be ;

But soften your glances, and peace to restore,

Attend *my* decision, and mark *my* decree.

To none but to *me* can your Anna belong,—

Who dare claim without rival, this votary of song ?

When e'en by yourselves is own'd that Earth's
daughter

Excels all alike, in the arts ye have taught her ;—

No more then, betwixt ye, her talents shall lay,

She must be your *equal*,—the Muse of her day !

And, trust me, *her* genius your own will advance,

For all gifts shall unite in—" *The Muse of Romance* !"

STANZAS.

" I cannot but remember such things were."

Macbeth.

THERE was a glance, for me that brightened,

There was a blush, for me that heightened ;

There was a voice whose melting tone

Whispered of love to me alone.

That glance no more my eyes shall fill.

No more that blush my bosom thrill ;

That voice no more, with sweet control

Charm to forgetfulness my soul.

That eye in night is shaded now,

That cheek in earth is mouldering low,

That voice is hushed to wake no more,

And all my hope in life is o'er.

C.....